

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Peking 'Visit'

THE circumstances surrounding the Dalai Lama's sudden departure for Peking—at least a week before his scheduled departure date—has revived fears in Tibet, India and Burma that this marks the second stage of the Chinese domination of Lhasa. The prevalent fear is that the Dalai Lama, 19-year-old spiritual and temporal head of Tibet, who is surrounded by a strongly anti-Communist group of councillors and followers opposed to Chinese rule, may never return and that the young Panchen Lama, the rival spiritual head, will replace him. The followers and advisers of the 17-year-old Panchen are said to be more sympathetic to the Communist cause and it is obvious that the Chinese would prefer the young Panchen Lama installed as the civil and religious leader of the country. The Chinese authorities invited the two Lamas to visit Peking to attend the first National People's Congress and there was also talk of drawing up a new constitution for Tibet. But the Buddhist hierarchy of the country was immediately suspicious. According to Tibetan authorities in Kalimpong, the original departure date, July 19, was brought forward at the advice of the Chinese in various monasteries. But undoubtedly these overtures were merely a ploy to make these predictions for throughout the country there was growing opposition to the Dalai's visit, and Tibetans were converging on Lhasa to petition him to cancel his trip. There were also reports from Kalimpong that Tibetans, led by noblemen, were threatening a mass uprising and that Chinese troops were being stationed all along the proposed route to the Chinese border. It appears obvious therefore that the Chinese authorities felt that unless the departure date was brought forward, they might not be able to forestall Tibetan opposition before the Dalai Lama reached the border. Considering China's reputation in Tibet, it would appear to be politically unwise for the Chinese now to provoke the suspicion of that majority loyal to the young Dalai for it would do little to enhance the already none too secure state of Sino-Tibetan relations. For while Chinese military domination may be secure, the Han men have made little headway in their attempts to wrest political and religious control from the old traditionalist Tibetans. The Chinese may therefore find that the abduction of the Dalai—if this is intended—far from removing a barrier to the complete annexation of the country, may have a serious retrogressive effect upon its administration.

BLOW TO GENEVA HOPES

Big Three Make No Progress On Cease-Fire

Geneva, July 16.

France, Great Britain and the Soviet Union failed tonight to break a mounting deadlock on an Indo-China peace settlement and prospects of a cease-fire by Monday's fatal deadline hung perilously in the balance.

The French Premier, Pierre Mendes-France, the British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, and the Soviet Foreign Minister, V. M. Molotov, met for more than two and a half hours at the British delegation's villa, in an effort to iron out the East-West difficulties blocking agreement.

Informed sources said afterwards that no progress at all had been achieved.

The three sat down together to examine two rival draft cease-fire proposals prepared by the West and the Soviets. Their aim was to find where they agreed and where they disagreed.

They found mostly disagreement, informed sources said.

An informed Western diplomat said afterwards: "It was hard going with no advance. Whatever progress was made was procedural and technical. There was no progress in substance."

The three ministers issued a brief communique after their session reading: "This evening informal talks took place between the two chairmen of the conference—Mr. Anthony Eden and Mr. Vyacheslav Molotov—and the head of the French delegation about the work of the conference."

Sources said no further meetings were arranged but it was agreed that the conference should continue for the time being through private behind-the-scenes meetings.

No plans were made for another plenary session. The main purpose of tonight's meeting was to draw up a balance sheet of agreed and disagreed points in the draft armistice texts submitted by East and West. But the Ministers got beyond this and went on to negotiate about the disputed areas.

STOOD FIRM

The "no progress" comment referred to part of the discussion which got down to the real issues dividing the two sides.

Diplomatic quarters believed Mr. Mendes-France, supported by Mr. Eden, stood firm in his demand that the truce line across Vietnam, the largest Indo-China state, should be drawn roughly along the 16th parallel.

The Communists, who originally asked for a line on the 13th

parallel, have already offered to strike a bargain on the 16th and it was assumed in conference circles that Mr. Molotov tonight refused to budge from this line. The question of the truce line is one of the three dominant issues still awaiting solution.

TWO ISSUES

The two others are: first, when and in what conditions elections should be held to reunite the country under a single government, and second, control of the armistice and international guarantees of it. The only achievement of tonight's meeting, according to authoritative sources, was that the Ministers generally agreed the kind of treaties that would have to be signed in an armistice agreement.—Reuter.

TOUGHER ATTITUDE

The diplomatic correspondent of the Daily Express said: Ever since Tuesday's Paris meeting between Mr. Eden, Mr. Dulles and Mr. Mendes-France Mr. Molotov has adopted a much tougher attitude.

This was first apparent when Mr. Eden hurried from Geneva's airport on Wednesday night to tell Mr. Molotov the Paris talks had made no difference to the conference. Mr. Molotov was icy, impeccably polite and quite unrelenting.

Last night he spent four and a half hours at Mr. Mendes-France's villa. Throughout that time during which they dined together Mr. Molotov was correct and reserved—unbending only on small points to show he appreciated he was the dinner guest.

'Keep A Stiff Upper Lip'

Washington, July 16. The Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Walter Bedell Smith, flew to Geneva today to join show-down talks between the Communists and the Allies on a cease-fire in the Indo-China war.

As he said goodbye to the Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, he said: "Foster, keep a stiff upper lip."—United Press.

Determined To Marry

Colombo, July 17. A 25-year-old trader of Yathena, near Colombo, proposed to and accepted by his intended mother-in-law when his bride-to-be changed her mind at the registry office.

At the last moment the bride gave a very definite "no". Groom and mother both pleaded with her and she would not budge.

But the trader was equally determined to get married so he told her mother: "If your daughter cannot marry me then you must."

The mother-in-law, a widow in her mid-thirties, accepted at once.—Reuter.

Bitter Fighting Near Hanoi

Hanoi, July 16.

Ten thousand French Union troops and tanks were in heavy fighting north of Hanoi today, the second day of a two-pronged French drive to sling back infiltrated Vietminh regular troops menacing the city.

Latest reports said the French thrusts were progressing favourably.

But the French have evacuated the camp of Enlun, 45 miles north-east of Hanoi, which had been encircled for four days. Its garrison of 80 joined a French rescue column early today, reports said.

General Rene Cogen, French Commander in northern Indo-China, said in an interview that 60,000 Vietminh troops had infiltrated into his Hanoi-Halongphong road and a further 60,000 surrounded it.

He added that "prudence demands" the French women and children be evacuated from Hanoi. If agreement came at Geneva, they would have to be evacuated. If not, there would be a battle for the city though not necessarily right away.

The French drives north of Hanoi, each launched by 5,000 troops, were near Sonlay, 25 miles north-west and near Phulung Thuong, 40 miles north-east.

Bombers and fighters supported the French Union troops. The Vietminh replied with violent mortar to the creeping barrage of shell fire ahead of the thrusting French columns.

A High Command spokesman said losses were appreciable on both sides, but no figure was yet available.—Reuter.

Fanfani Elected

Rome, July 16. Signor Fanfani was elected Secretary of the Italian Christian Democrat Party by the National Council today in succession to Dr. Alcide De Gasperi who had held the post for many years.

Dr. De Gasperi was elected President of the National Council.—France-Press.

New R.A.F. Bombers To Carry A-Bombs

Washington, July 16.

Field-Marshal Earl Alexander, British Minister of Defence, said today: "We have got bombers going into production very shortly that will carry the British atomic weapons we are manufacturing."

Lord Alexander arrived by plane from New York for a two-week United States visit. He was met by the acting Secretary of Defence, Mr. Robert Anderson, General Matthew Ridgway, and the British Ambassador, Sir Roger Makins, among other officials.

He said he had no agenda for his visit and no specific questions to discuss, but "no doubt there will be a lot of questions of mutual interest and of common concern between us". In this connection, he admitted that guided missiles would be a subject of discussion.

He also said, "I think anything we can do to strengthen our common defence is very necessary and Britain will do its best to pull its weight in this regard."

NO IMMEDIATE SHIFT
Earl Alexander was accorded full military honours, as he arrived at the National Airport.

He said there would be no immediate shift to "press-button warfare" but rather a "gradual phasing-in of new weapons."

Field-Marshal Alexander will leave Washington on July 19 for visits to the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland, the Air Force Missile Test Centre in Noca, Florida, White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico, Fort Bliss (Texas), Los Angeles, Air Force Flight Test Centre at Muro, California and the Boeing aircraft plant at Seattle.—United Press.

Peron: 'Me, Sick? Nonsense'

Buenos Aires, July 16. President Juan Peron called a press conference today to deny reports that he is sick.

"I don't feel handicapped in anything," he told Argentine newsmen. "I am able to put on my boxing gloves again and go back to my past activity."

He said he had been receiving letters about his alleged illness including offers to cure him.

The President also announced that the Government would give more newspaper to newspapers.—United Press.

RESERVES FOR TUNISIA

Paris, July 16. A division of the General Reserve will arrive very shortly in Tunisia to help maintain order there, it was learned today from an authoritative source. Part of the division should be already at Marseilles, according to a military source.—France-Press.

P.C. Fined For Dangerous Driving

Melbourne, July 16.

A policeman who drove a car past a red light in pursuit of an offending motor cyclist was fined \$15 and had his driver's licence cancelled by a Melbourne court.

He was charged with having driven in a manner dangerous to the public.

The magistrate told him: "A policeman cannot lawfully expose members of the public to grave danger to life and limb for the sake of catching a criminal."—China Mail Special.

Tommy Manville Arrested

New York, July 16.

Millionaire Tommy Manville was arrested today on charges brought by his ninth wife, Anita.

She accuses him of being disorderly, using insulting language and threatening her.

They have been estranged since shortly after their marriage in 1952.

A detective arrested Manville at his luxurious home here and took him to Police headquarters where he and his wife conferred with lawyers and police officials.

Mrs. Manville has been receiving an allowance of \$1,000 (\$387 sterling) a month since their separation.

Last week she moved back into his house against Manville's protests and locked herself in a bedroom. After nine days of wrangling, she was escorted from the house by police on a bad cheque charge that was later dismissed. The complaint against her had been filed by her gardener.—Reuter.

Floods Now Cover Hungary

Vienna, July 16.

Hungary battled against the worst floods in its history today as millions of tons of water spilled out of the Danube's several meandering channels in the northeast of the country.

Budapest radio reported evacuations from towns in the 200 square miles Szeged area, between two of the main channels which was entirely flooded.

Reyfu, a suburb of Győr, with a population of 80,000 and one of Hungary's most important industrial towns, had been completely evacuated.—Reuter.

The Hague, July 16. The Second Chamber of the Dutch Staten-Generaal approved a statute today uniting Holland, Surinam (Dutch Guiana) and the Netherlands Antilles in the West Indies into one realm.

Agreement on the statute was reached last month after negotiations lasting nearly six years.—Reuter.

Horrible Death In Germany

MAN'S SUICIDE IN LION'S DEN

Brave Rescue Attempt By Woman Guard

Nuremberg, Germany, July 16.

A German youth committed suicide today by leaping into the lion's den at Nuremberg Zoo today and was clawed to death despite a woman guard's brave attempt to rescue him.

The youth, about 21, jumped into the pit, waded through a protective moat and walked without hesitation right up to the lions.

They roared in hunger and pounced on him.

A woman guard sprang into the pit and frightened two of the beasts away. She pleaded with the youth, by then seriously mauled, to go back to safety with her.

Torn and bleeding, he refused. The animals finished him off.

Twenty spectators were peering over the railing when the youth jumped in. He screamed when the lions attacked and the cries attracted dozens more.

JUMPED IN
The guard, 50-year-old Margaretha Storch, heard the youth's screams, ran to the pit and unhesitatingly jumped in.

Officers fired live bullets over the lions, but the animals paid no attention as they clawed the body.

The officers finally loosed tear gas into the pit. That forced the crazed lions back and the mauled body was recovered.—United Press.

REDS CLAIM FIVE PLANES

Tokyo, July 16.

Radio Peking, monitored here tonight, claimed that five Chinese Nationalist planes had been downed or badly damaged on the south-eastern coast of Communist China earlier this month.

The broadcast said that these planes comprised two P-47 aircraft brought down and two others set afire over the eastern Chekiang coast on July 6, and finally one F-47 was "hit" over Amoy on July 8.—France-Press.

Mervyn Rose Has Operation

Klagenfurt, July 16.

Austrian doctors said that the Australian tennis star Mervyn Rose was in "excellent condition" here tonight following an emergency appendicitis operation at the Landwehrhospital.

Rose, who had been playing exhibition tennis at nearby Foertschach, was brought to the hospital last night with a dangerously inflamed appendix. He was in severe pain.—United Press.

Senator Alexander Wiley, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, announced this here today.

If the Eisenhower Administration does request specific action, the role of the Senate will be to consider acceptance of Anglo-American proposals to grant sovereignty to West Germany without waiting for French ratification of the European Defence Community treaty.—Reuter.

Ten Dead In Factory Explosion

Ches'ctown, July 16. An ammunition and fireworks factory blow up here today and at least ten people died.

For ten minutes, a series of explosions spread through the factory. They could be felt 16 miles away.

Firemen and police cleared all the houses in the area when it was feared large stores of other high explosives would blow up.

Nearly three hours after the explosion, firemen said, fires were spreading to buildings where a dangerous explosive lead oxide was stored.

Fire brigades were called from neighboring towns and the National Guard were mobilised.—Reuter.

US Discussions On West Germany

Washington, July 16.

Senate leaders will confer with the Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, next week on a possible special session of Congress to discuss new moves to grant sovereignty to West Germany.

Senator Alexander Wiley, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, announced this here today.

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FLY PAL TO

MANILA

4 FLIGHTS WEEKLY

Flights every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday leave Hong Kong at 1 p.m. and arrive in Manila at 3 p.m. local time. Flights leaving Hong Kong 4 p.m. Thursday arrive in Manila at 6 p.m. local time.

PAL PASIFIC AIRLINES

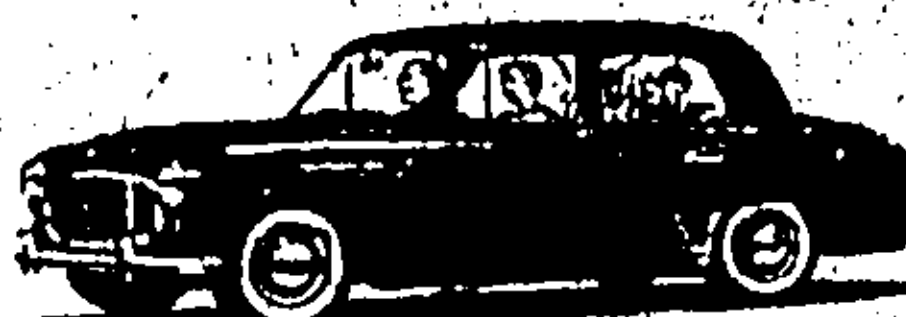
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In old Carolina

Some time ago now the Governor of South Carolina was endeavoring to recover a runaway slave from the Governor of North Carolina. The slave, however, was protected by powerful friends and negotiations could not have gone slower in Manassah. At a banquet given by the Governor of North Carolina the Governor of South Carolina made a speech demanding the return of the slave and ending with: "What do you say?" It was then that the Governor of North Carolina made his historic reply: "It's a long time between drinks."

The longer it is between drinks the more delicious is ROLL'S Lemon Juice. The pure juice of ROLL'S most delicious lemons, sweetened with fine cane sugar, tangy, long and cold with ice cubes in a tall glass—drink it down and at your tongue comes to rest on a roller coaster. "Ahhh—another ROLL'S Lemon Juice please!"

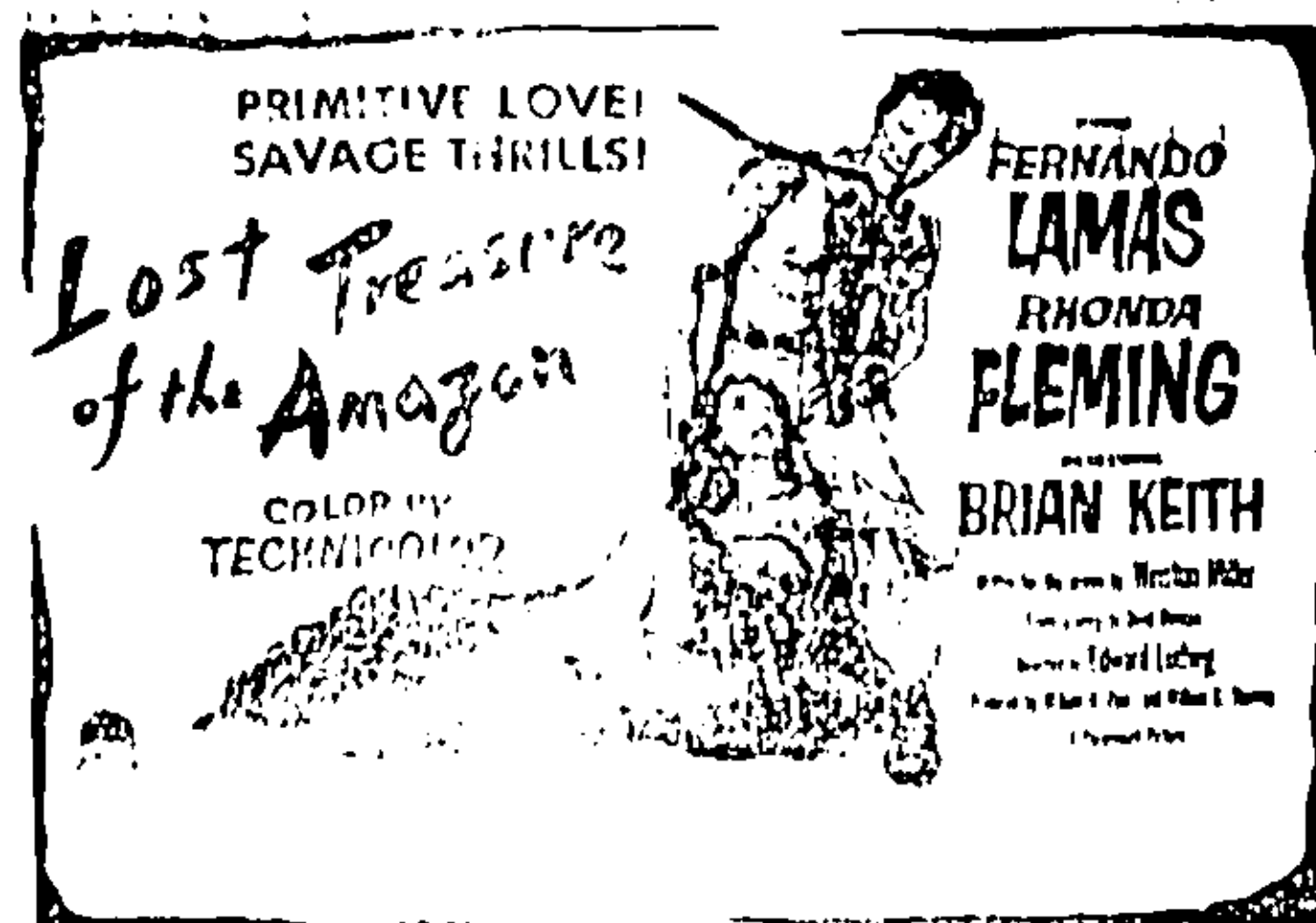
ROLL'S Lemon Juice
—MAKE THIRST WORTH WHILE

SUNDAY MORNING **KING'S** **AT** 11.30 A.M.
 20th Century-Fox Presents
 Gregory PECK • Richard WIDMARK • Anne BAXTER
 In
"YELLOW SKY"
 At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 and 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.

TO - DAY



EMPIRE

SUNDAY MORNING
 SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

20th Century-Fox Presents
 A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF
 TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
 At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

PRINCESS TO MORROW

At 11.00 a.m.
 EXTRA MORNING SHOW

Variety Programme of
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 DAILY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.25 & 9.40 P.M.

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 Perspecta Stereophonic Sound
 and
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OVERTURE:

"MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"
 Presented by M-G-M Symphony Orchestra
 SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

M-G-M presents
TOM & JERRY CARTOONS
 In Technicolor At Reduced Prices

LEE GREAT WORLD

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW
 AT 12.00 NOON
"CARNIVAL STORY"

DON'T FIGHT IT, BABY...
 you love me... real love!

CARNIVAL STORY

ANNE BAXTER • STEVE COCHRAN • LYLE BETTOR • GEORGE MADER
 TECHNICOLOR

GREAT WORLD MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
 AT 12.30 P.M.
 MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS

French Gangster Film Is Runyonesque

By JACK SCHEMEIL

The world of the cinema has just been enriched by France's first major gangster film, "Ne touchez pas au grès," which means, "Lay Off the Dough."

Rather than let Hollywood keep a monopoly on this type of film, the French have come up with a piece of cinematographic violence, brutality and raw passions that might well excel James Cagney's and Edward G. Robinson's best contributions of this nature.

The veteran director, Jacques Becker, threw everything but the kitchen sink into this hodgepodge of the French underworld. Men are killed, knives and bullets, cars overturn and burn, a moll is slapped and a kidnapped mobster is suspended from his fingertips to make him "sing."

Unlike Fernand's "Public Enemy No. 1," which was a satire, Becker's film takes things seriously. Jean Gabin, well known in the United States, plays the leading character, Max the Lion, a gangster who reforms in the last reel.

Not stopping at giving it the full treatment, Becker's screen adaptation of a detective novel by Albert Simonin retains the language of the Paris underworld which only members of the underworld and Simonin's readers understand.

Becker's quest for authenticity of this kind is based on the premise that countless thousands of Frenchmen are Simonin's avid fans. English-speaking audiences, however, will be saved the trouble of following the strange language of the original. There will be a dubbed version, and also, one with subtitles. The language will be common-use English with a bit of Damon Runyon thrown in.

Curiously, Runyon fits the French underground to perfection. Max the Lion is a counterpart of Harry the Horse. There's one character called Piff the Loafer and others carry nicknames that to all intents and purposes have come off the pages of Runyon's short stories. The story of "Lay Off the Dough" deals with two rival mobs, fighting for the possession of a hidden treasure in stolen gold worth \$5 million francs.

Becker shot much of his film in the authentic locale of Place Pigalle at the top of the Montmartre, waiting every night until the blisters emptied.

Other scenes were filmed in fashionable Avenue Hoche where Max's moll supposedly occupies a swank apartment. A climactic gun battle was fought out with blanks in the woods of St. Cloud.—United Press.

International Flavour For "Helen"

By GEORGE SALERNO

Take an American director, a French actor, an Italian actress, add several British and Greek supporting players, and you have an idea of the international flavour of the "Helen of Troy" being made by Warner Brothers.

This \$6,000,000 1954 film version of the Homeric classic is being attempted at Cinecittà studios since MGM made its super-colossal "Quo Vadis" here four years ago.

The Hollywood director is the veteran Robert Wise, and he has as his stars the French matinee idol, Jacques Sernas, portraying Prince Paris, and the strikingly beautiful Rossana Rossellini, Italy, in the title role.

Then there's the American actor, Robert Douglas, as Agamemnon; the Maltese-American, Eduardo Ciannelli as Andros, the Greek fisherman, and a Greek actor, Alex Revillos, as the Spartan captain, Alpheus.

Britain is represented by Stanley Baker as Achilles, Terence Longdon as Patroclus, the Greek warrior, and Cedric Hardwicke as King Priam.

The largest sound stage in Italy was commandeered for the erection of King Priam's throne room. Now completed, the massive plaster creation of Cinecittà features 20 40-foot colonnades flanking it on three sides.

Britain's Bluebell Girls ballet troupe came down from London and already has completed its work before the "Helen of Troy" cameras, executing the colourful bacchanal ballet under the watchful eye of Madame Mady Obolensky, Russian-born ballet teacher.

The "Helen of Troy" film story is an adaptation by Hollywood writer John Twist, who has concentrated on the romance of Helen and Paris in his version, eliminating as much as is practical of the "preliminaries" of the Trojan war.

In Greek mythology, Helen as a child was carried from Sparta by Theseus to Attica. She returned years later to her homeland, where she became Queen of Sparta, and married Menelaus, the choice of her father.

Warner's version opens with Helen already Queen of Sparta, and concerns itself mostly with her flight to Troy with Paris and the eventual Spartan-Trojan war which leads to the death of her handsome lover.

The picture is expected to be completed late in August.—United Press.

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ORIENTAL

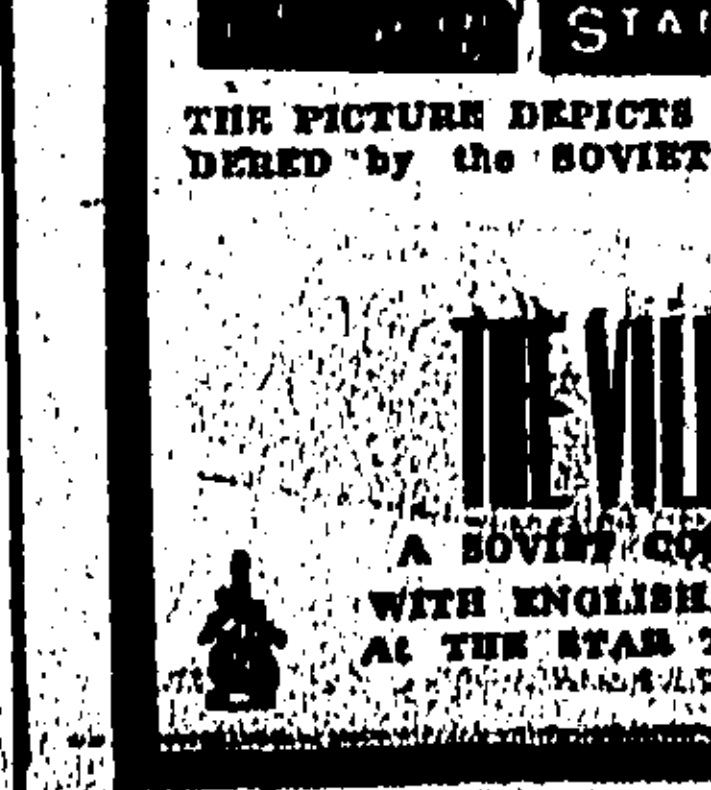
SHOWING TO-DAY
 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

HELD OVER BY PUBLIC REQUEST!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
 M-G-M Technicolor Film "L I L I"

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR



Film Talk

By JANE ROBERTS

Film companies must always be on the lookout for dominant personalities to weave their screen plays around. Contemporary characters, preferably with something shady about them, are preferred from the Box Office angle, of course. But there's so much thin ice to skate over in such cases, that by the time the subject has given his permission for the expurgated material to be turned into a picture, it's worthless except as a portrait of a saint.

Even colourful characters recently deceased are unlikely slanders, as they've always got the odd relative hovering, lynx-eyed for points to take to the law courts.

By far the most satisfactory of the Princess Pulchra and a from all angles is the historical savage version of feminine personality. If he was bad, so much the better; if he was good, then there must have been a villain in the piece somewhere, snapping at his heels, who could be built up to satisfy the craving of the majority for a little leveling vice.

Recent examples have been Julius Caesar, King Arthur and Lucrezia Borgia, while further back, Queen Cleopatra, Bonnie and Charlie, and Cleopatra came in for their share of attention. Now we're to hear about two people who've (as far as I can remember) not graced the screen so far. If any of your memories are better than mine I'll be only too pleased to hear about the previous pictures.

VEIL LIFTED

I'd been puzzled for some time by seeing, in the advance publicity columns, pictures of both Jack Palance and Anthony Quinn as Attila the Hun. No Gary had come through with the pictures, and I'd been very much mystified. Now comes the lifting of the veil.

Rome and Hollywood, vying for the cash of the world's movie fans, have finally clashed head-on with two films on the same subject. As heroes of fifth century Huns, led by an American-born Attila, stream down the Apennines towards genuine Rome, extras in similar garb are emerging from the Hollywood hills to rush a replica of the real thing.

Both films deal with the story of the Hun leader whose followers, 700,000 strong, crossed the Alps into Italy after ravaging most of Europe and who almost wiped out the remnants of the split Roman Empire. The Italian Attila is a Hollywood actor, Anthony Quinn, who considers this one of the finest roles of his career. The Hollywood barbarian chief is Jack Palance who considers this one of the finest roles of his career!

ROUGH AND TOUGH

The latter apparently went into strict training for his role—he is reported to have said "As long as I've been asked to play Attila, I'm going to keep the character as historically correct as possible. Attila was rough and tough, I've got to be too."

And here's the sidelight on Attila that must have inspired Palance. "Attila, one of the fiercest leaders of history, grew up on raw meat and mare's milk, had 400 wives and could drink several gallons of wine without flinching." There must be a long queue to play Solomon.

But back to the Hun. Both films are climaxed by Attila's death, but otherwise they manage to tell different stories. The Hollywood version is centred on the court of Emperor Theodosius, of the East, and the Rome story has Emperor Valentinian, of the West. Hollywood's Jeff Chandler plays General Marcellus who supposedly defeats Attila to become a Roman Emperor himself. In the Roman version, the French star Henri Vidal, plays General Ezio whose army is butchered by the Huns.

America offers Ludmilla Tcherna, ("RED SHOES") imported from France in the role of the Hun queen.

MOBELIA

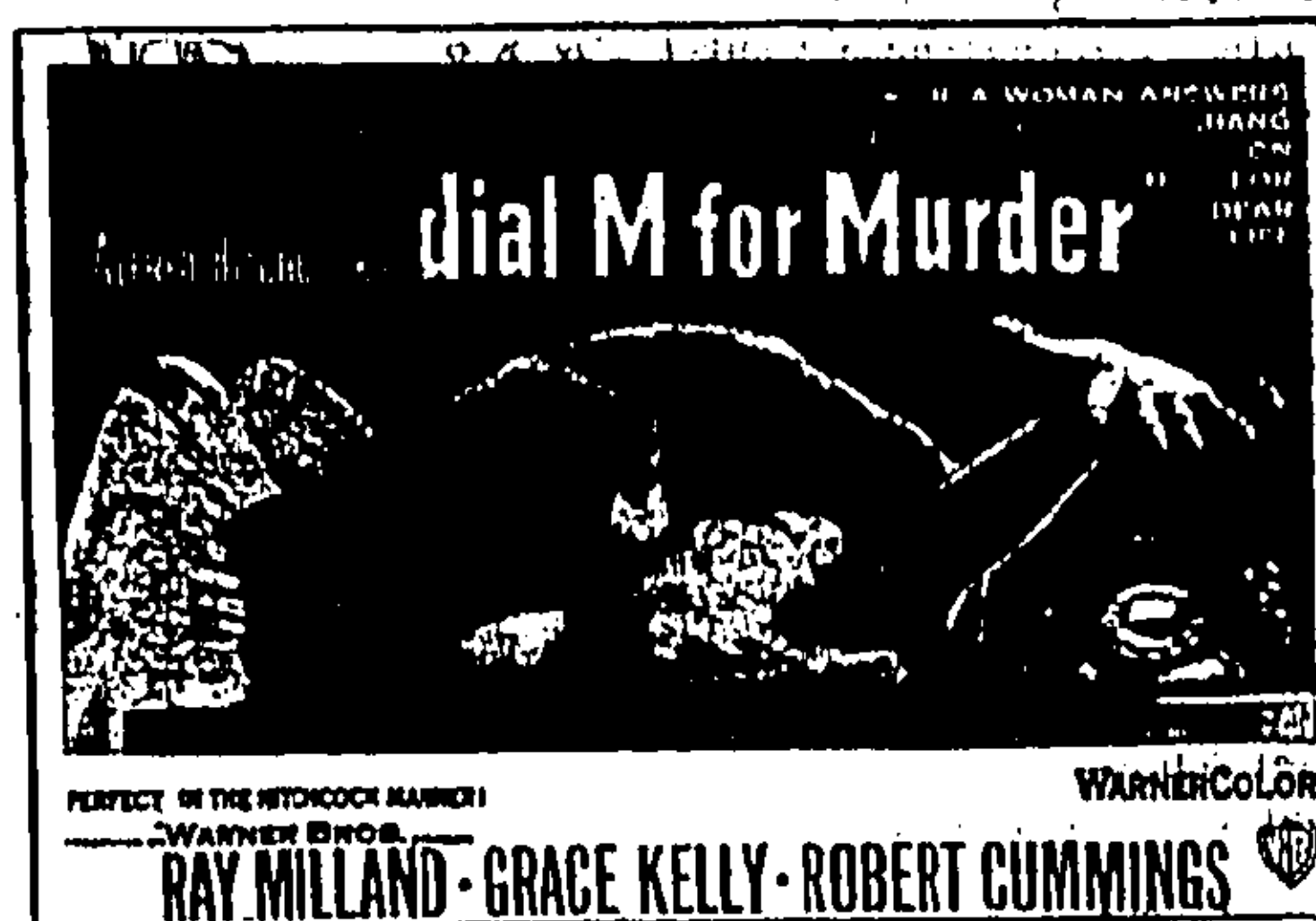
Incidentally, I've just heard about yet another new technique. This one's called MOBELIA (sounds like the name of another new film star) and in this, the size of the screen can be varied from scene to scene. For crowd sequences, the big thing for close-ups of the hero and heroine, gazing fondly into each other's eyes, the small. Herbert Wilcox is using it in "LILACS IN THE SPRING" with Anna Neagle and Errol Flynn.

QUEEN'S

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
"Dial M For Murder"
 EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

Special Times To-day: 2.30—5.15—7.30 & 9.40 p.m.



ADDED! A CINEMASCOPE Preview of WB's Parade of Comng Big Hits

ALHAMBRA

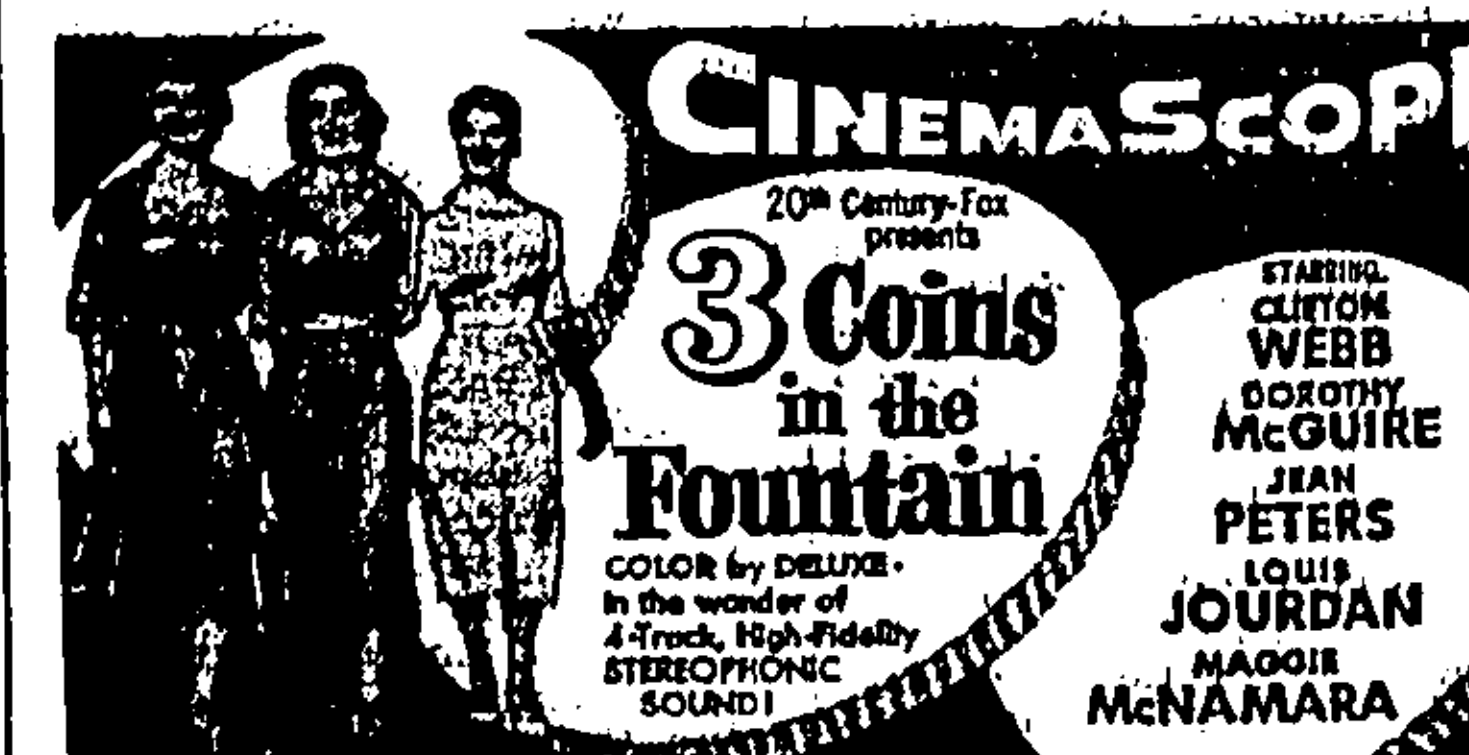
TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 a.m.
 Walt Disney's Technicolor

"SO DEAR TO MY HEART"
 Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
 AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

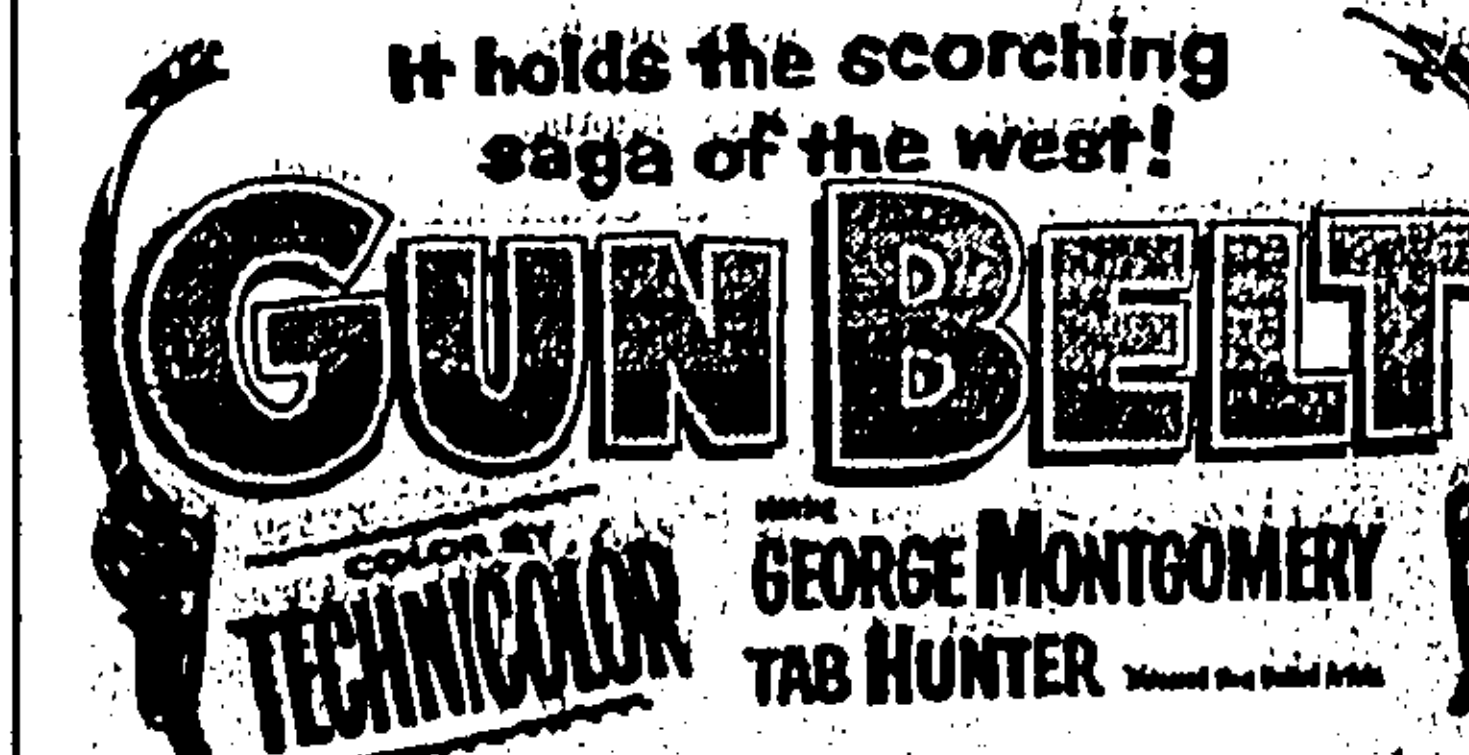


ADDED ATTRACTION: Cinemascope Short Subject
"THE FIRST PIANO QUARTET" Color by DELUXE
 ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow,
 Extra Performance At 12.00 Noon.
 BOOK EARLY!

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NOW SHOWING
 AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

GLORY—BIG! BULLET—BOLD... blazing with all the fury of the roaring western frontier!

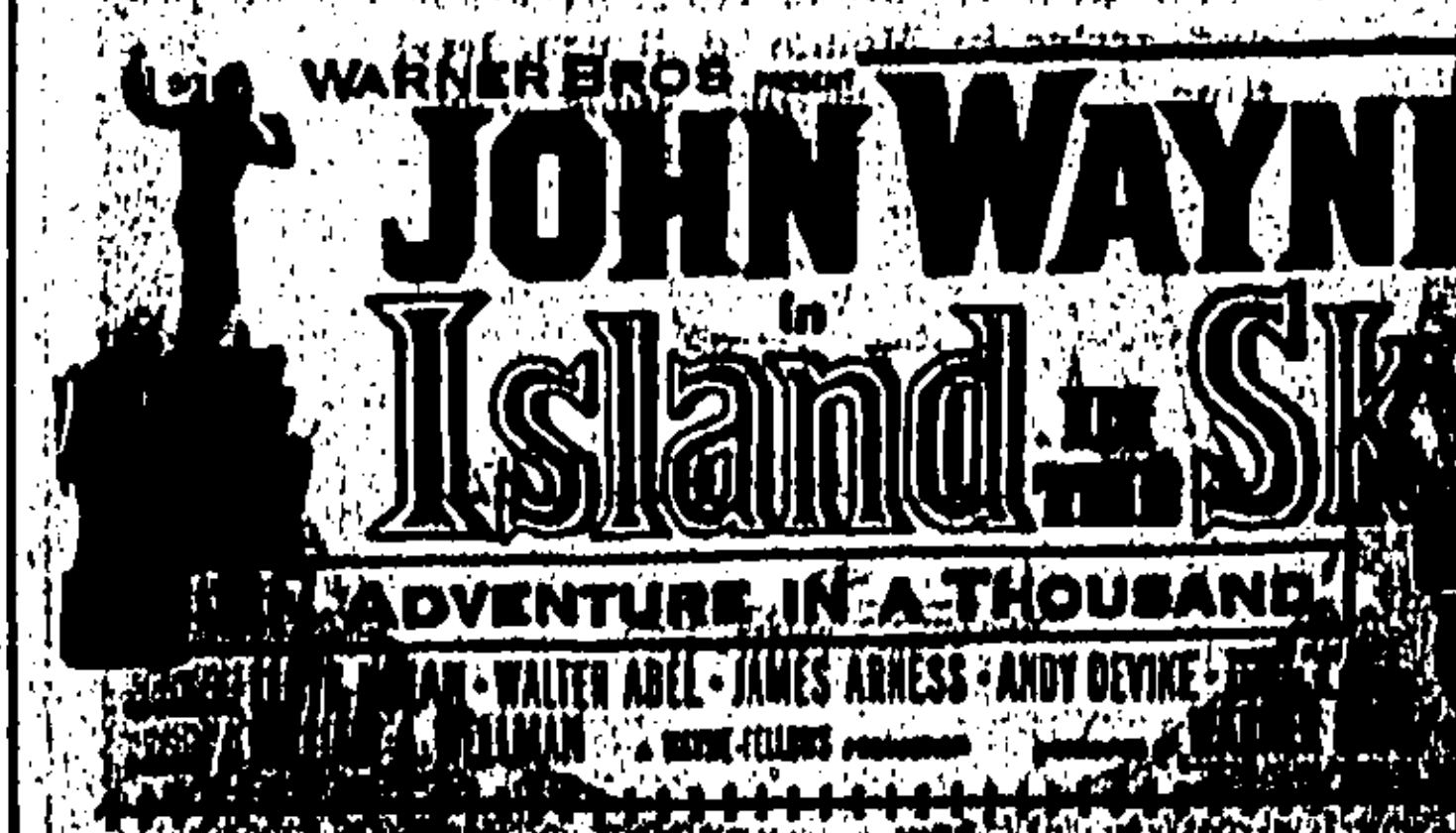


LATEST BRITISH PATHE NEWS

SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE AT 12
WALT DISNEY'S COLOUR CARTOONS
 Reduced Admission Prices: \$1.50 & \$1.00

RITZ CINEMA

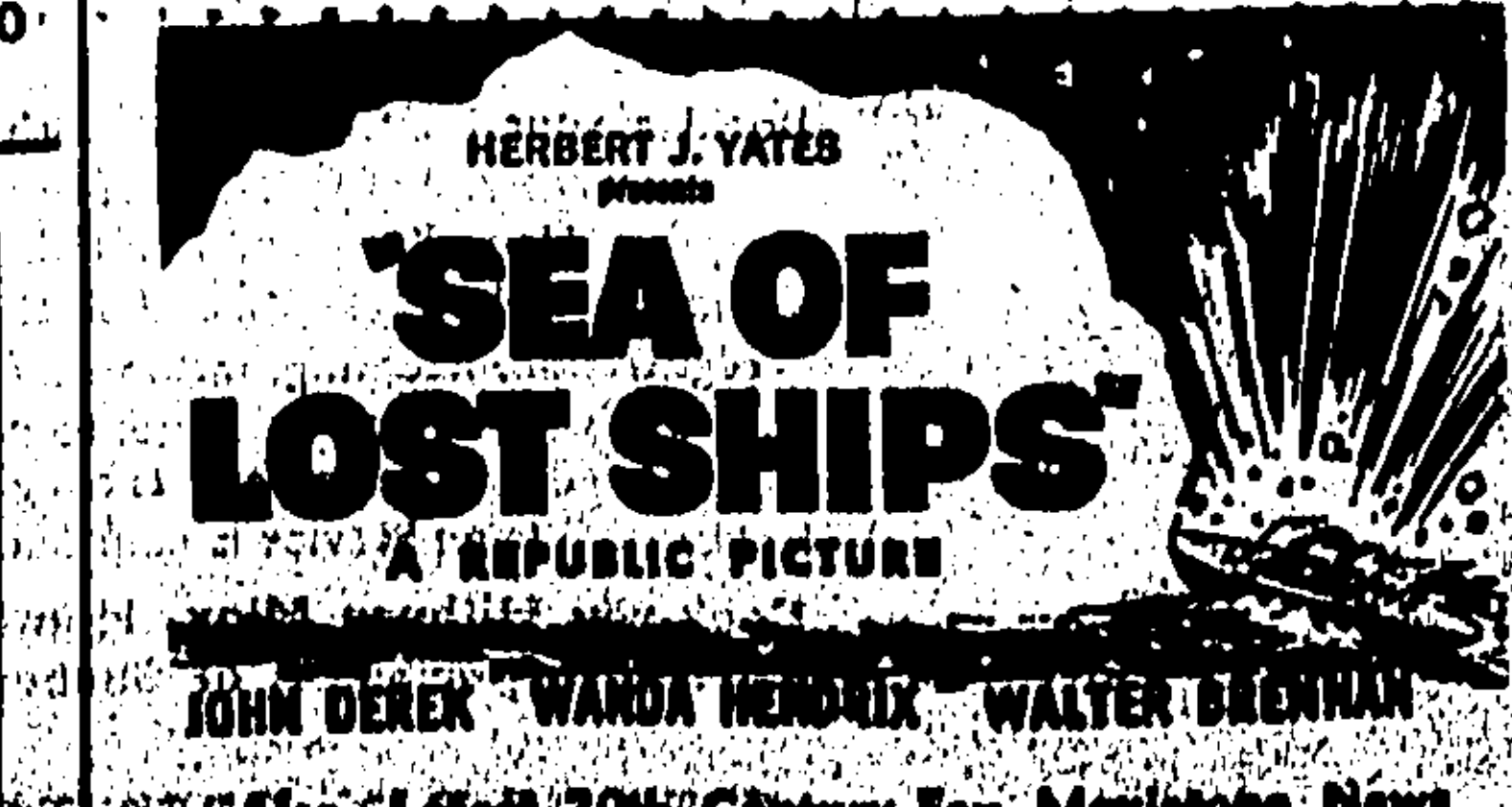
FINAL
 SHOWING
 TO-DAY



"HUMAN TORPEDOES"

MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
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TROOPS of 16 Airborne REME (TA) engaged in exercise "Pegasus Bridge" in the Romney Marsh and Dungeness areas. The exercise was based on the first phase of the liberation of Normandy, where the 6 Airborne Division opened the assault on Western Europe. Vehicles are seen being brought ashore on Camber Sands. (Army News)



LEFT: At the London fashion show for men organised by the Men's Fashion Council and the International Wool Secretariat, Mr Buck Brannard, Australian actor, caused quite a stir by modelling this frock coat, which has not been seen at Ascot for 30 years. (Express)

RIGHT: Jaroslav Drobný goes for a quiet spot of fishing in Surrey after winning the Wimbledon singles crown from Australian Ken Rosewall. (Express)



DURING their State visit to London, King Gustav and Queen Louise of Sweden visited the capital's Swedish Church. Queen Louise is being presented with a bouquet by two small girls from the Swedish colony. (Express)



THESE London office girls stopped during their lunch hour to watch the eclipse of the sun through smoked glasses. (Express)



THE men players of the Soviet chess team who are playing a series of matches in London. On extreme left is the reigning Soviet chess champion, Yuri Averbakh, who is an engineer by profession. David Bronstein, who has been twice Soviet champion, is on the right. (Express)



MAJOR Gwilym Lloyd George, Food Minister, puts a match to a giant replica of a ration book at this bonfire in Thornton Hough, Cheshire, lit to celebrate the end of all food rationing in Britain after 14 years. (Express). Below: The event was marked by the gift of 50 carcasses of lamb to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, by the New Zealand Meat Production Board. Here is Master Cook Ernest Ralph Fullbrook getting to work on a leg, watched by General Sir Bernard Paget (centre) and Colour Sergeant Thomas Raishbrook.



A section of the Manor House Garden at Crayford, Kent, has been given over as a "Garden of Remembrance" for citizens of Crayford who lost their lives in the 1939-45 war. The Lord Bishop of Rochester, the Rt Rev. C. M. Chavasse, is seen dedicating the Garden.



FILM actress Yvonne de Carlo arriving at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, for the premiere of "Happy Ever After," in which she co-stars with David Niven and Barry Fitzgerald. Miss de Carlo wears a gown of black lace and taffeta nylon. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



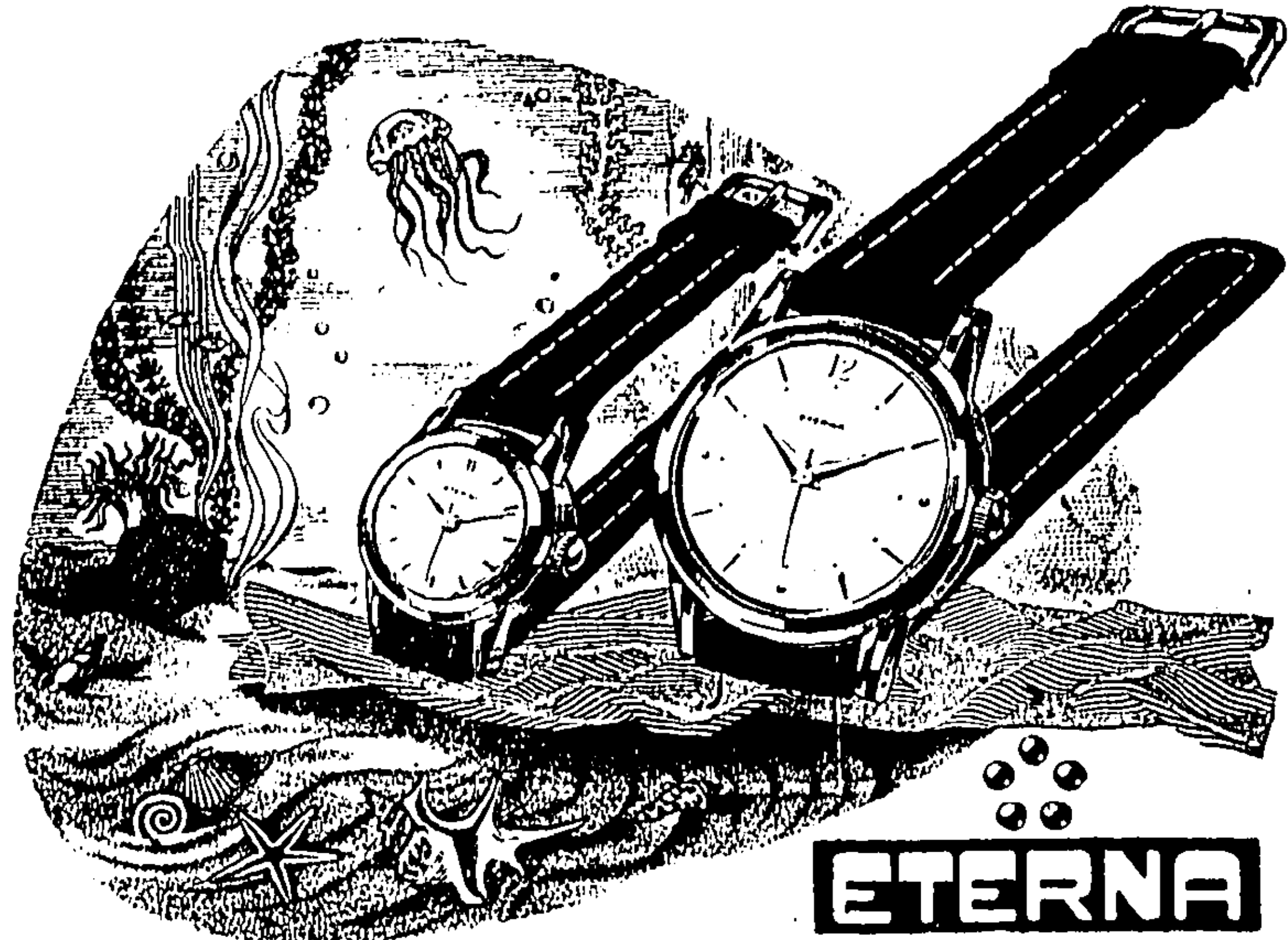
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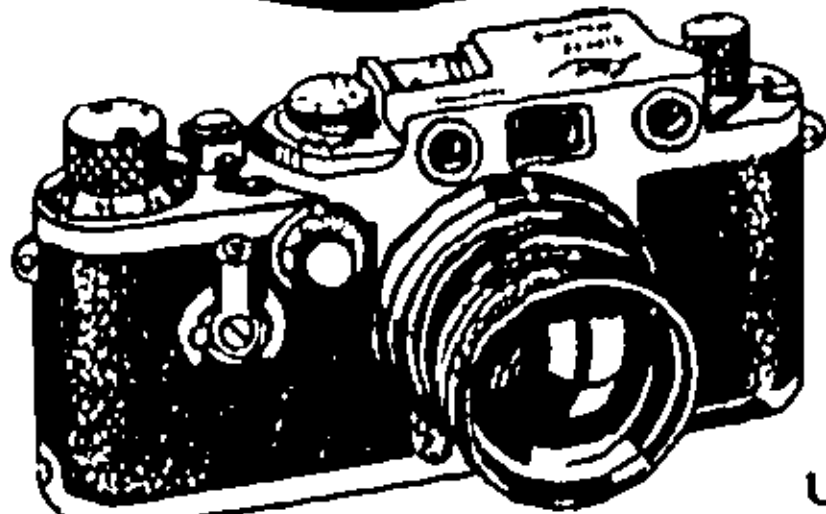


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Bader gave the girl an enormous wink



PART 6

Out of the corner of his eye Bader saw the girl, but he concentrated on appearing casual.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR ---

HOUR after hour Bader doggedly kept at it when other men would have given up to rest or despair. Moving the stiff, chafing and aching stumps was continual torment, but he made himself keep on doing so, his face running with sweat that poured off all over him, soaking his underclothes and, unfortunately, the stump socks too, so

still chafed, but not badly, and they did not ache or twinge any more. The legs still felt uncomfortable when he stripped them on but after a few minutes he became a little more used to them, though the harness remained just plain, bloody uncomfortable. Best of all was the change in the mental climate as hope, a little qualified, came back. It was strengthened when he went all through one day without failing and also learned to turn by spinning on his right heel.

He telephoned the garage at Kenley and asked them to drive his car over (the doctors gave him permission to have it — good occupational therapy, they said). "Off to the Pantiles?" Street-feld asked, and he nodded. He hobbled out and got a thrill as he saw the familiar old

The more he forced himself to walk the more it hurt, tending to become a vicious circle and making it even more difficult. Now and then he had to rest a little because the stump would not hold him, and then he tried again.

Soon, stumps plastered like a quilt, the car took him to Roehampton again where Dessouter found that the right thigh seemed to have shrunk.

In due course, he said, they would rivet the metal in a little tighter. Meanwhile he slipped a second stump sock over it. That felt better, and then Dessouter found a hard muscle developing at the back of the thigh and with a little hammer Tullitt tapped out an almost imperceptible indentation in the metal to accommodate it.

Back at Uxbridge he kept trying, but it seemed impossible to acquire balance and natural movement, and still he kept falling.

The rebuffs

GRADUALLY he found the right stump did not ache so much, as the flabby muscles hardened with use and the chafing came only the pain, but that eased unwieldy as ever, yielding no fraction to practice and bringing growing disillusionment and anguish as he woke from the dreaming expectations of normality and cricket.

Mentally, it was the worst time since the accident. His nature, in any case, rejected defeat and now the menacing implications produced obsession to master the legs. The others learned not to try and help him up or steady him as he lurched, realising it was a battle that he himself had to fight. Besides, trying to help only produced rebuffs. He wanted passionately to be independent as much as he wanted to be mobile. It goaded him to think of having to ask help in the simple, physical things of life and he shrank from the idea that people in due course would publicly prefer to avoid him as being a nuisance.

And then, about ten days after he got his legs, he detected the first hint of automatic control. As though some barrier had been removed, he began walking a little more easily and after that the improvement was rapid. In five days he was lurching about without having to concentrate so hard either on movement or balance; some automatic instinct seemed to have taken over part of the work.

It was not easy, far from it; it was still hard work, but not intolerably hard. He still fell, but not so often. The stumps

he saw her over by the serving hatch, staring, but he kept looking straight ahead concentrating on appearing casual about his metamorphosis. She came across to the table looking very bright and he switched on the glowing grin.

With a little less reserve than usual she remarked that he had not been there for some time and he was delighted that she was too discreet to mention the legs, though he had been quite sure that she wouldn't. But it made everything so natural, as



By PAUL BRICKHILL

M.G. with the red wings swing through the gate. Bader heaved himself into the seat behind the wheel. His feet seemed to fit easily enough over the pedals. He pressed the clutch down with the right leg — it was purely a thigh movement with no feeling in the leg or knee movement, but the whole thing seemed to be easier than he had expected.

Doubts were vanishing fast. Now he knew he could go anywhere he liked at any time and was even more mobile than people who had only their legs and no car.

He steered out of the gates and drove in a sunny mood and at a cautious speed to Kingston Police Station, where he lurched with care up to a uniformed man behind a desk and said: "I'd like to take a disabled driver's test, please."

"Certainly sir," said the constable. One would have thought that legless men popped in for driving tests every day. Soon a man in civilian clothes came out and got into the car with him. After a couple of hundred yards he said, "Stop and reverse across the road, will you, please?"

Progress ---

BADER stopped, looked behind to see if everything was clear, and reversed as directed.

"Glad to see you look behind first," the man said. "Last chap didn't do that. If you'd like to drive me back to the station you can all out the form and we'll give you your ticket."

It was as easy as that. Blithely he set off for the Pantiles and pulled into the gravelled apron about quarter to four. This time as he got out and lurched to the usual table hardly anyone looked except the girl.

though there were nothing at all remarkable about his walking. He chatted before he ordered and chatted again when she brought the tea, and again when she brought his bill. He paid her, got up, stumped over to the car, praying that he would not fall, turned round — she was still watching — and gave her an enormous wink. As he drove away he wondered what her name was.

Now with the car and able to walk, even if still precariously, life took on a new savour and he drove out every day to sample it. Most days he arrived at the Pantiles for tea and the friendship with the girl progressed quietly and decorously with no particular move on either side. He still had to find

GRIMLY Bader struggles to learn to walk. He is determined that the loss of both his legs in an air crash shall not stop him from leading a normal life. He wants to walk normally into the Pantiles, the cafe where he met the pretty waitress when he was still hobbling on a peg leg and crutches. But first he must learn to use the metal legs. He takes them back to Roehampton for adjustment, then returns to the RAF hospital at Uxbridge. But, still refusing any help, he falls.

out where he stood in regard to life. [Six months had passed since the crash. About the middle of June, Bader went on two months' sick leave which he spent with his squadron at Kenley. After an afternoon's swimming and sun-bathing he found his shoulders were sun-burned.]

In the morning when he got up the shoulders were red and very tender. He strapped the legs on but as soon as he stood up the straps bit into his shoulders like hot broad-knives scorching on the nerves and he sat down hurriedly, wincing, and slipped them off with relief, swearing with frustration. From a little thing like that he was helpless again. More than ever he loathed the shoulder straps.

"Well, they've got an Avro 504 on the aerodrome," Sassoon said. "Would you like to have a shot at it?"

IN desperation he unbuckled them from the belly-belt hoping he might be able to struggle out cautiously without them. After pulling the belt fairly tight, he eased himself up from the bed and gingerly took a few steps; to his amazement and delight the legs felt better than ever before and just as secure. For several minutes he stumped about the room, and everything he did felt better. After that he tossed the shoulder straps into a corner, dressed and stumped out to breakfast. He never wore them again.

A pleasant note came to him from the Under-Secretary of State for Air, Sir Philip Sassoon, inviting him for a weekend at his house near Lympne. It was a mellow old mansion set among cypress trees on a

"I'd love to," Bader said exhilarated and hardly believing, and Sassoon promised to arrange it. Bader spent the rest of the afternoon in nervous hopes that Sassoon would not forget, but at dinner that night Sassoon said: "I've had a word with the CO of 601. The Avro will be ready for you in the morning." They were the most ineluctable and exciting words he had ever heard.

(WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED) "Reach for the Sky," by Paul Brickhill, is published by Collins.

Next Wednesday

"I didn't know you danced, too," said the girl.

NEW-STYLE COLD WAR

From LEONARD MOSLEY

AT 11 p.m. in the Soviet-controlled East sector of Berlin, a beautiful dancer advanced towards me and blew me a kiss.

The name of this ornament of the Communist regime was Galina Ulanova, believed by many to be the world's greatest ballerina. Her dancing was part of the new-style cold war in Berlin this year.

Instead of Russian tanks in the streets and blood on the pavements the 3,500,000 citizens of Berlin are being drawn into a new kind of East-West conflict. The kind that they seem to like as much as I do.

Both sides are doing their best to win people over to their cause — by entertainment.

Berlin. For instance, West Berlin is running a film festival. One of the festival cinemas is a few yards over the border from East Berlin. Any East Berliner coming across and showing his or her card gets in free. Every night they come in droves to see Jane Wyman in "The Magnificent Obsession" and Elizabeth Taylor in "Elephant Walk."

The Russians have met the Hollywood-made attractions of West Berlin with an epic spectacle of their own. They have imported the Russian Ballet to East Berlin. For five East German marks I saw the Russian Ballet from a seat in the middle of the third row of the stalls. Since five

East German marks is the equivalent of less than two shillings in our money, I decided that this was the biggest bargain ever.

For this, Russian Ballet is superb in skill, artistry, and whizz-bang entertainment. Ulanova is a dream. She dances with a conscious grace that is overpoweringly affecting. I went back to the opposition — that is into West Berlin — in the early hours of the morning to a film reception given by a West Berlin organisation. The memory of Ulanova's lovely rhythms still lingered.

Now did they pale when beautiful film star Matka Rook took me by the arm, and we started to dance. I simply edged over Ulanova to make room for Miss Rook.

"Ah me," I thought, "if only the cold war could always be like this."

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



EX-KING PETER'S LIFE STORY

Before leaving with his Government for Cairo in 1943, King Peter and his new Prime Minister, Pouritch, saw Anthony Eden, who, unlike Mr Churchill, thought that Mihailovitch, the anti-Tito leader, was "all right."

CHOICE BETWEEN TITO AND MIHAILOVITCH

CHAPTER 10 OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

EX-KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA

WHETHER Eden was ignorant of Churchill's plans, or disagreed with them, or whether he was merely keeping Mihailovitch as a card in the game, I do not know.

Alexandra wanted very much to accompany us to Cairo and did all she could to be able to go—including writing letters to Churchill and Uncle Bertie.

But she remained in London, where she saw a lot of one of her favourite aunts, Marina, Duchess of Kent, who had always been a good friend to us.

It was hard for Alexandra and I that we should be separated at this time. All correspondence was censored even when sent by the diplomatic bag. We often entrusted letters to friends travelling between Cairo and London to get round this.

The British continued to press their point that I should change my Government and support Tito.

They even hoped that they might influence me through Alexandra, and put considerable pressure upon her. I called on the Herta del Pacifico, a British ship which had been converted into a troopship, with 30 members of my party. There were English troops on board and about 200 A.T.S.

We were isolated the whole time, with explanations that had conditions prevented even radio news coming through. Nevertheless, bulletins were issued by the army about Tito's successes and fights.

TO break the monotony a bit, my A.D.C., Colonel Raditch, and I, started a rumour that the bread we were given contained bromide and that if you ate it for three days it rendered you impotent for six months. This was provided, we stated, to quell any admiration one might feel for the A.T.S. on board.

A day after, most of the contingent did not eat bread with their meals. A few days later it could also be remarked that there were several British officers who were not eating bread.

Before the ship arrived in dock my A.D.C. and I, still eating bread, confessed that we had invented the story—but nobody would believe us.

In Cairo I went with Pouritch to visit King Farouk. Farouk was dressed in Air Force uniform with a fez on his head.

On an afternoon some days later Farouk came to visit me. I served him with strong and generously sugared lemonade, which I had been told was one of his weaknesses.

I also encountered Field-Marshal Montgomery. He was of the opinion that America could help us much more in Europe than she was doing. America was sending her forces to the Far East, Montgomery thought that they should first liberate Europe.

Montgomery was usually, rather sloppily, dressed in battle dress trousers and a sweater.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas arranged that I should continue my training at Cairo Airport, and, after a month's intensive advanced training, presented my wings to me.

ONE week-end I flew to Alexandria with two of my ministers, a colonel and my navigator. The Americans lent me a five-seater plane. My three passengers were rather corpulent.

We were diverted from the main Alexandria airport to a small landing strip outside Aboukir. The runway, short and limited with tall palm trees on both ends, made me wonder how I could bring in the overloaded plane without an accident.

In the end my weighty passengers leaned over us at the controls and I finally made a landing, avoiding the palm trees by a couple of inches. Captain Lowly, my navigator, was as white as a sheet, I was scarlet—but the rest of them were feeling thoroughly ill.

At a jump-drove up and Sir Sholto Douglas emerged, red in the face, abusing our landing and his pilot. I climbed down from the cockpit, stood to attention and apologised, and he soon calmed down.

At a lunch given me at the Payne air field, with some U.S. Air Force staff, we had vegetables: out of a basket that had been originally intended to be dropped over Yugoslavia.

It was something of a shock to me to see that the label was written in Serbian. During my trip to the U.S. General Donovan had mentioned that such supplies were being prepared for my country—and here they were.

IN October 1943 a meeting took place in Moscow between Cordell Hull, of America, and Molotov. Tito hopefully sent them a telegram which stated:

"We acknowledge neither the Yugoslav Government nor the King abroad, because for two and a half years they have supported the enemy collaborationist, the traitor Drata Mihailovitch. We shall not allow them to return to Yugoslavia because that would mean civil war. The British general (attached to Tito's H.Q.) has already informed us that the British Government will not insist on us supporting the King and the Yugoslav Government in exile."

The Russians did not put this message on the agenda.

Eden had called at Cairo on his way to Moscow. Pouritch asked him simply: "What is your political view as regards Yugoslavia?"

"A completely free Yugoslavia," replied Eden, "and to return him"—pointing at me—"to the throne."

But Eden said that Mihailovitch's "passive resistance" was beginning to look like collaboration with the enemy. Eden raised his voice during the course of our talk without necessity, and so did Pouritch.

Pouritch told me that in Moscow I was to be betrayed. I rebuked my Minister for losing his temper with Eden, but he said this was necessary and the only way to show the British that we were not willing to drift with their tide.

Before the Tehran Conference, Chiang Kai-shek attempted to contact my government and myself to start diplomatic relations. We were never allowed to see him.

I ASKED to see Roosevelt on his return from Tehran, but was told that he was very ill. I knew that he received other people and felt that perhaps he was ashamed to talk to me after the way he had let me down at Tehran.

I went to the British Embassy on December 10. Churchill was bed looking very tired and worn out. He was in an extremely bad temper—and not at all his usual self.

Churchill told me that Tito would be his man and that I should go back to Yugoslavia.

I replied: "Shall I go right away?"

"No," said Churchill, "not immediately, as Tito would then be compromised, go in about six months. This must happen if for no other reason than to stop another Tito-Moscow agreement."

I decided, with a group of friends, that some gesture showing my continued and absolute trust in Mihailovitch should be made. We collected arms and equipment and stored them at my house in Cairo.

We planned to fly with these supplies to Yugoslavia in a stolen aircraft. We had our eye on an old Halifax used at the Al Maza airfield and intended to make a crash-landing in Serbia.

I put in as much practice in heavy bombers as I could.

ON the eve of our planned flight, Lt. Slobodan Ninkovitch, who was to fly with me, was interrogated by our Chief of Air Staff, Colonel Scriven, who revealed that he knew about our planned flight.

We had to make last-minute changes. It was decided that I should not accompany the first plane, but that the plane should nevertheless go to join Mihailovitch by way of Bari and that I was to follow on a second expedition to be organised with my Government.

Under my orders Lieutenant Ninkovitch and a small party flew to Bari and succeeded in

stealing another plane at Foggia, where they had to leave most of their equipment behind. From there these gallant men took off over the Adriatic. They were never heard of again. I was discouraged from making more plans by constant control over my movements by my jeep escort of British Military Police.

We returned to England in March 1944.

Alexandra and her mother, Princess Aspasia, met me at Northolt and we went to Clarendon, Marina, Duchess of Kent, came to see us and told us that she was sure we would be able to marry within ten days' time.

On March 18 I lunched alone with Mr Churchill, who criticised the way in which Mihailovitch had refused to make certain attacks proposed by the British Mission.

HE even said that Mihailovitch was conserving his forces to fight the Partisans. In this Churchill showed a complete lack of appreciation of the worst and indeed the only cause for Mihailovitch, who wished to avoid unnecessary heavy reprisals upon civilians, and to conserve his limited arms.

Churchill's aim was to fight the Huns on all sides, on all occasions, and at all costs. In guerrilla warfare such a policy means heartless destruction of entire villages and towns. Unlike Mihailovitch, he had no extensive first-hand knowledge of the hazards of guerrilla warfare in a country occupied by a powerful and brutal enemy.

Churchill stressed that if I did not take the course he wished, I should be working against the allied war effort. We parted on strained terms.

Uncle Bertie fixed our wedding day for March 20, just eight days after my return from Cairo. Mamie Romanovski Pavlovski gave Alexandra her wedding dress, which had to be cut down, and Marina lent her wedding veil. Alexandra had no trousseau whatsoever.

On March 19 Alexandra and I drove to Windsor to see Uncle Bertie for the last arrangements. I showed the King an album of photographs of Mihailovitch and his Chetniks living and fighting. Uncle Bertie was considerably impressed and did his best to warn Churchill not to give his support exclusively to Tito.

Uncle Bertie felt that I would be obliged to come to some agreement with the Titists.

Our wedding was a very simple one at the Yugoslav Embassy in Upper Grosvenor Street, London.

There were beautiful flowers in all the rooms. The large drawing room on the first floor was arranged for the ceremony and the boudoir on the same floor had been chosen to receive guests and for photographs.

I WAS wearing the uniform of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Air Force and Alexandra was wearing a white dress, a veil with orange blossom, and a long train which was held by my youngest brother, Andrej.

Behind me stood my best man, Uncle Bertie, and behind Alexandra, Uncle George of Greece. On the right-hand side of the altar were sitting their Majesties Queen Elizabeth and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Bernhard and King Haakon of Norway.

On the second row were Anthony Eden, and Primo Minister Pouritch.

Uncle Bertie was wearing the uniform of Field Marshal and the Greek and Norwegian Kings were in Admirals' uniform.

Uncle Bertie, as best man, exchanged the rings of myself and my bride, while the priest put crowns on our heads. After this, according to the old Serbian custom, we walked three times round the altar, the two priests leading, then Alexandra and myself, my left hand laid to her right hand with a handkerchief, and then Uncle Bertie and Uncle George of Greece, the latter holding candles.

The reception on the ground floor followed, and lots of old friends came in, making about 150 people. All the champagne was a present from Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

We diverged from the usual procedure, by staying until everyone had left. Alexandra changed, and we cut through a barrage of reporters waiting outside and drove down to Ascot where we spent a three-day honeymoon in a cottage lent by Mrs James Horlick.

LATER, we settled in the "Little Manor" at Egham—about 40 minutes from London. One brother fitted us up with china, the other with linen, while Prince Bernhard had provided all the silver.

I spent much of the time I had free from my duties, gardening, on the one and a half acres of land there. We had 25 hens, five ducks, and a few rabbits cared for by my valet.

I used to read a lot too—mostly technical books on aviation. The main exercise of both my wife and myself was walking and we found lovely walks in Windsor Great Park. I used to drive a jeep around, lent to me by the U.S. Air Force.

We had trouble with our crooks. Our first, Maria, a Croat and a wonderful cook, was of such violent character that we had to get rid of her for the sake of the other servants.

My valet did the cooking for some time. Eventually we found a Hungarian cook who was very satisfactory until one day she simply disappeared and was never heard of again. We had a Swedish cook, married to a Scotsman. She was a hypochondriac and had to go. Maria, the Croat, returned to our kitchen.

ON March 27, 1944, I received Colonel Lukacevic Mihailovitch's delegate, and entrusted him with a private letter to Mihailovitch, golden cuff-links, a revolver, and a sub-machine-gun embossed with my insignia.

We went back via Bari, Italy, where he was delayed until the British could spare a plane. Before he was dropped over Yugoslavia the British took away the message and presents for Mihailovitch. In the end he was taken by the Partisans and shot.

On April 12 and 13 I was called to see Churchill again. He said that in his eyes the differences between Partisans and Chetniks were of only local interest. He believed that Tito's forces were really a national movement and only partly Communist. His only preoccupation was to fight the Boche, and he could not understand my refusal to accept Tito.

"You and your Government will be considered as hampering the general war effort," he said. "You will be declared responsible if you do not support the great Resistance movement."

He pressed me to dismiss Pouritch and form a committee of three, Subasic, Konstantinovich, and Furland. He informed me that he had arranged, without consulting me, for Subasic, who was then in America, to be flown to London.

WHEN shortly after this meeting he announced in Parliament that King Peter had assured me that in a few days' time Dr Pouritch will be dismissed and a new Government formed under the old head of Croatia, I was flabbergasted and deeply affronted.

In my helpless isolation I remembered President Roosevelt's sympathy, complete disinterestedness and innate love of freedom.

Not knowing that he was sick and much changed, I wrote to him. He answered that he had full confidence in the plans of Mr Churchill and finished, "Please accept his advice as if it were my own."

A few days before I dismissed Pouritch there was a large meeting of the British Press, at which I spoke explaining Mihailovitch and his problems, revealing such details as how the amount of arms sent out to him was only sufficient to equip one battalion.

I complained bitterly about the attacks upon him that had already been made by the British Press. Not one word of what I said was allowed to be printed.

Subasic seemed to me to be very neutral and fair-minded. At that time he pretended to be completely sympathetic to Mihailovitch but put forward the view that it would be better for him to be treated with Tito as a separate commander.

I gave the mandate for forming the Government to Subasic but he could find no followers. So I appointed him as my entire Government on June 1.

I did some flying from Smiths Lawn, Windsor. I recently read that Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, was the first person to use it since the Duke of Windsor and it as his private airport.

As can be seen, this is not true. I wonder if Philip received the same complaints as I used to because of the terrific noise my Harvard used to make.

Smiths Lawn was also used by the U.S. Air Force liaison planes. I got permission to take up a wide variety of their planes.

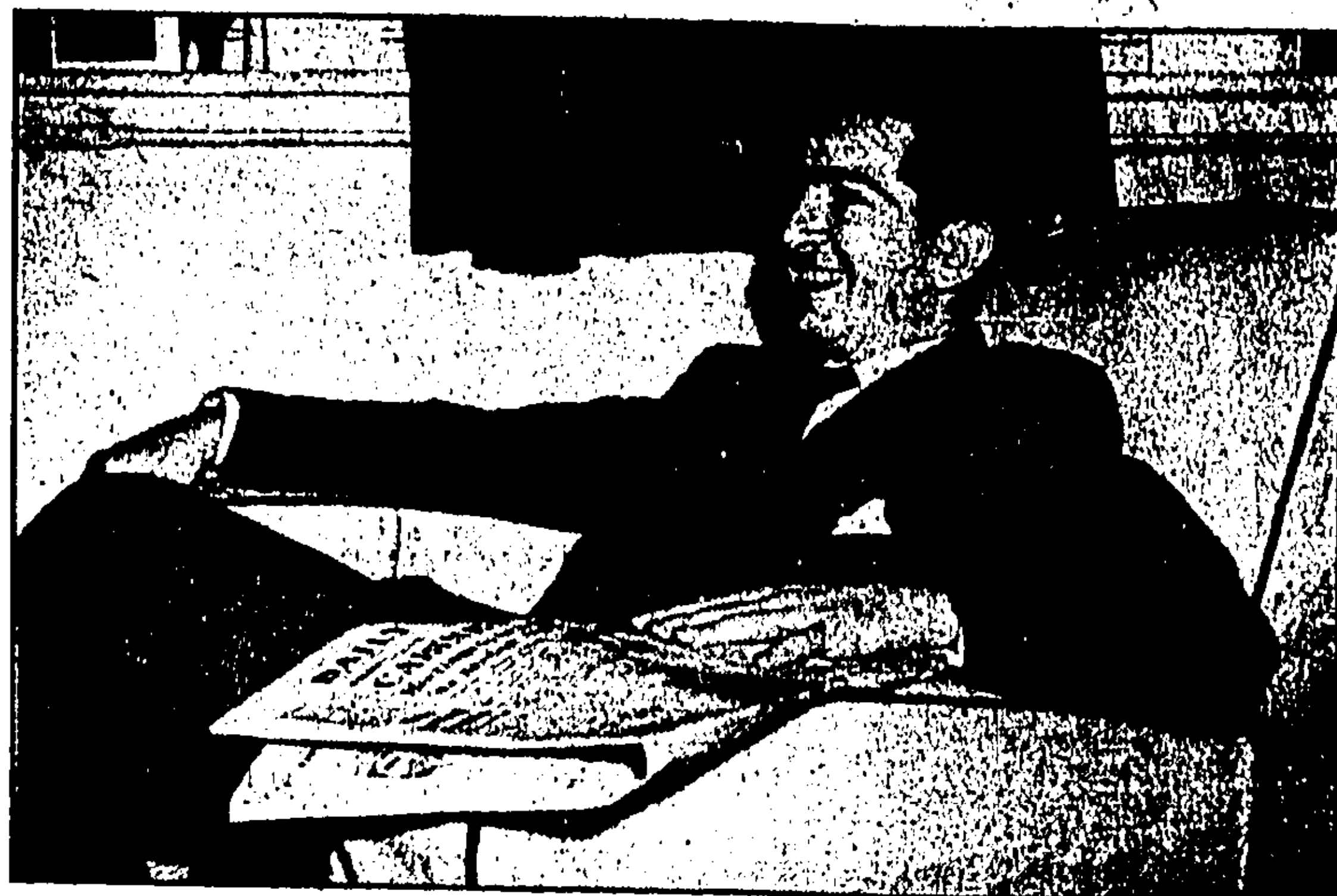
I flew Cubs, a Dakota, and a Mustang fighter.

Generals Ralph Royce and Louis Brereton came home to test. We all died for money and my wife had such beginner's luck that she left the Generals completely broke.

I WAS forbidden to fly solo by the Air Ministry, but the Ninth U.S. Air Force had no such restrictions.

In July the U.S. Air Force presented me with a twin-engine Cessna Crane liaison plane. I often took my wife up in this plane as she was afraid of the more powerful models, and I generally found it very useful, although a bit tame.

Another plane I like was an observation plane, which needed only a small landing field.



Latest published picture of Ex-king Peter, taken in London at Christmas 1953. His seven-year-old son went from school in Switzerland to London for the holidays.

I often went out partridge shooting with this plane, landing it on any level plot of land. This of course supplemented our most ration considerably.

The first time I really saw Paris was by air, just before "D" Day. I flew an American Mustang, powered by a Rolls Royce engine, and I was quite prepared to shoot it out with any German aircraft.

I had not the slightest right to be there at all.

It was a great lark, and only later did I realise that the consequences to others might have been embarrassing.

Early one morning I met friends at a Kent air strip. One pilot had to drop out of an arranged photo reconnaissance.

It was suggested that I should take his place, and in these mad days, I accepted.

Now my friend's role was that of fighter escort to another Mustang armed only with machine guns and cameras. I realised that this might mean fighting.

It was a brilliant May day. We climbed to 24,000ft, and passed over the Pas de Calais without incident. I found the

Mustang one of the fastest aircraft of that period, beautiful to handle, and I was storing up memories for my old aviation tutor, Prince Bernhard.

I hummed a popular tune as we skimmed over the Channel and I marvelled as we appeared to crawl over the patchwork quilt of Northern France, nearly five miles below. There was no flak.

MY colleague had the dangerous task. I was free to weave wherever I liked, keeping a weather eye open for enemy fighters, while my colleague made his dead straight runs above the target.

We carried out the reconnaissance without interference and, having petrol and time in hand, the other pilot said over the radio:

"What about a slip over Paris?" Of course I agreed.

Paris looked like a jewel about three feet square from the height we were flying. Even so high one got a vivid impression of Hausmann's magni-

ficent planning of France's capital.

I could see the Arc de Triomphe and the radial boulevards which have since spell beauty, culture and civilisation for me. Nothing could rob me of this lovely aerial sight of a very regularly cut diamond, set in the incomparable platinum of the River Seine.

I cannot tell you the name of the other pilot because he may still be subject to discipline. Neither can I disclose the name of the adjutant of the American air station.

He spent two hours of mental agony knowing when I was well and truly airborne—that King Peter was flying one of his aircraft over enemy territory.

When I safely touched down he gave me the ticking-off of my life. There was the loveliest twinkle in his eyes, however, and when he finished I will never forget his final admonition: "For Pete's sake, don't put this in your log book."

And for Peter's sake, I didn't. (Ex-King Peter will wind up his story next Saturday)

Hong Kong's favourite

German Beer...



BILL WATERTON begins his dramatic story today

TEN YEARS AS A TEST PILOT, LIVING BEYOND THE SOUND BARRIER—THIS IS THE LIFE THAT BILL WATERTON LED... FLYING INTO DANGER

HE WAS THE FIRST MAN TO TAKE UP A NEW PLANE—A 'FLYING QUESTION MARK'—AND THE FIRST MAN TO CRASH-LAND IT... IN FLAMES

THE FIGHTER SHUDDERED— I COULDN'T SEE A THING...

Suddenly there was a loud buzzing, and then... BANG

MY name is Bill Waterton. I am a test pilot. I have spent the last 10 years testing planes at high (and supersonic) speeds. I was the first man to fly from Paris to London in 20 minutes. I was the man who took the famous "paper dart" plane, the Gloster Javelin, into the air for the first time.

I was also the first man to crash-land it. Does that mean I'm a dangerous job? No. It is a job with hazards, worries, and frustrations. It can kill you if you let it.

But if I let me, you have been a test pilot to a man who not only makes some of the world's fastest fighters but then has to go out and sell them. You find that the "adventurous" worries often lose you far more sleep than the dangers.

In any case, being a test pilot is a most game unless you are an enthusiast. Three out of 10 test pilots in Britain die at the job, and not from old age.

For love

HOURS are long, and pay is less than an airline pilot. I never earned more than £2,000 a year, and by the time the tax man had done with me I averaged about £1,100.

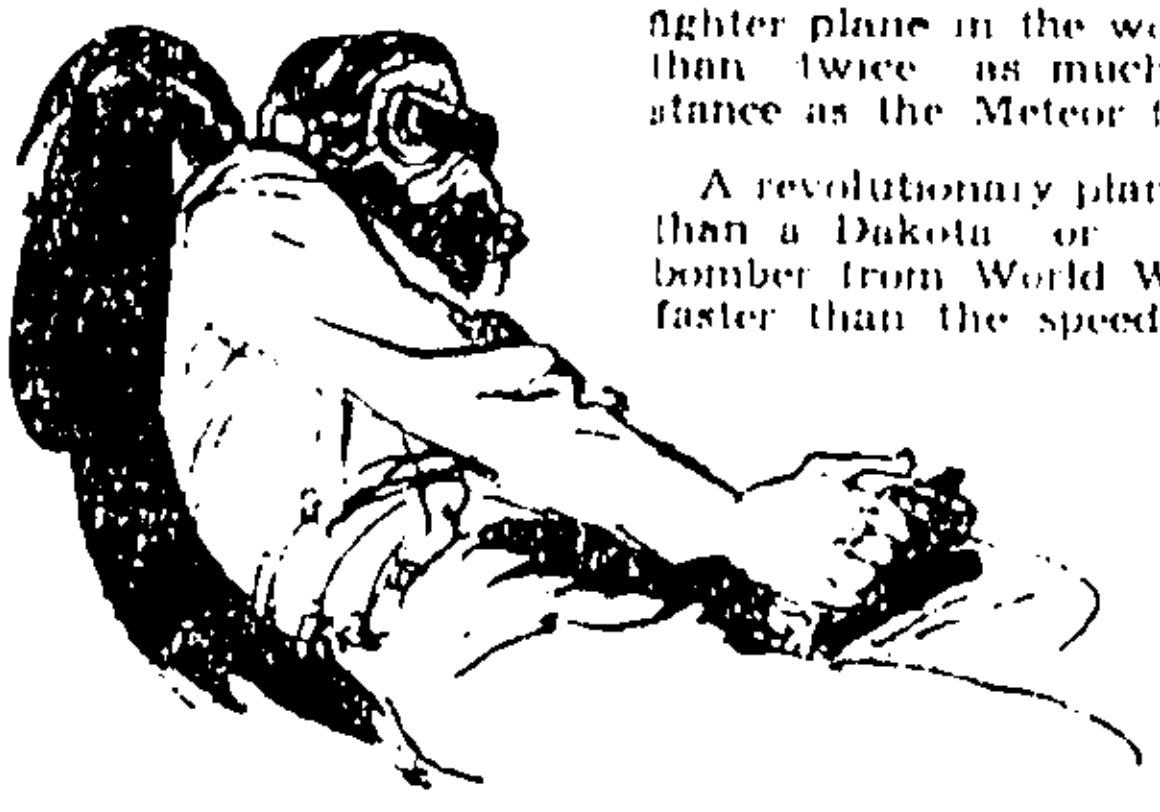
The future of the average test pilot (after he has got beyond high-speed flying age) is not usually of much concern to many of the aircraft companies, for whom he works, possibly because they do not consider he has much future.

So you fly for love. And when love comes, into a job danger does not matter.

New planes are like unbroken horses. You never know how they are going to trot, canter, gallop, or buck until you get up there in the saddle and ride them.

I do not know whether it has helped me in my job that I started grown-up life as a cavalryman, and learned the hard, brutal, and aching way what happens to you when you ignore the warning signs that both horseflesh and high-speed planes give you when things are going wrong.

In either case, you come a cropper if you ignore them. With wild horses, and with new planes, you develop a seventh, and very special, sense of preparing for the unexpected. A docile horse can go raving mad at the sudden sight of a rattlesnake. There are rattlesnakes, in the air too. Except that they do not give any warning before they strike.



ARTIST ROBB interprets the moment of crisis in a cockpit at high speed.

For instance, a sudden change of speed and air-pressure can conjure a monster out of the stratosphere that will take a plane in its grip, batter it and destroy it.

Nothing quite like it had ever flown before. Even its shape was out of a future world. An unknown, high-flying, high-speed fighter.

And they handed it to me to fly for the first time. In the old days of light-planes, a test pilot was able to "take out insurance" on his first flight.

He could first do his ground tests, with flaps, engine, and controls.

Then he took the plane off the ground, not for an actual flight, but for a "hop" a few feet off the ground, and then eased the new plane back on to the runway.

Not now. Runways are too short. Take-off speeds are too high. Once you are off the ground, it is a real flight and the rest is up to you and the plane the designers have given you.

Its two Sapphire engines gave it more thrust than any other fighter plane in the world, more than twice as much, for instance as the Meteor fighter.

A revolutionary plane. Heavier than a Dakota or Wellington bomber from World War II, and faster than the speed of sound.

On paper

TAKE the case of that famous plane the Gloster Javelin. I know this plane. I saw it born on paper in chief designer George Carter's office in Buntingford, Gloucester, in 1947. I saw it built there too. And in November 1951 I took it up for its first flight.

It was designed to out-fly, out-dive, out-maneuvre, and out-fight any other plane in the world under the worst possible weather conditions. It was a plane, we all hoped, with the stamina of a carthorse, and the performance of a Grand National jumper.

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near by. In case you have to descend in a hurry, and, I thought, it was not a bad idea to show the Americans that we had a new aircraft with a new shape and new possibilities.

When a Javelin's Sapphire engines are belted, and that was what I was doing with them—time and distance begin to contract fast.

The moment I saw Oxford ahead I began to throttle back, because that meant that, if I did not, I would be over London a few minutes later (even though it was still more than 40 miles ahead).

I started a climbing turn to head me back to base. Everything was well so far. Another fast run and some aerobatics, and I could put her down and pronounce her fit for the show.

I headed her back over the American bases (and though my speed is still secret, I can assure you that it was fast).

At 3,000 feet I was level and the engines were almost open. Speed was rising more slowly now. I could feel the wall of compressed air building up ahead of the Javelin like the bow wave of a ship.

OTHER pilots took it up and reported its virtues, and its flaws. I was not satisfied. But during the winter we progressed quite favourably. We showed that the Javelin could do what it was designed to do.

For we were shooting at an important target. This was still a semi-secret plane, and few knew its possibilities.

In June 1952 there was to be a tactical conference of R.A.F. Fighter Command at West Nyasem in Norfolk. The aircraft industry was putting on a show of its newest fighters to the leaders of Fighter Command.

A Javelin fighter-plane, the DH119, flown by the late John Derry, would be there, and although we had an R.A.F. contract to deliver Javelins, we knew the de Havilland people would use every trick in the bag to show us up.

A few days before the show was due to begin, our plane—the star plane of the show—was still on the ground undergoing inspection and modifications.

Dress rehearsal

TIME was creeping up on us. That was why it was a Sunday afternoon when I took the Javelin up for its "dress rehearsal" for the all-important show the following day.

The day was hot and sunny, and at 3,000 feet one could see for miles the big American airfields at Fairford and Brize Norton, for instance.

I pointed the Javelin's nose that way, to be flying, it is always handy to have an airfield

edge on the hind or inner edge. They can be snapped against the equally bony side of the body like a pair of jaws, and then grip with frightful tenacity. Up in the angle between fin and body is a needle-sharp bony spike, perforated like a hypodermic. From this pore a milky-white poison can be squirted to a distance of one foot. This poison kills large frogs by the dozen, even if only squirted into a bucket of water. Its effect when injected into a six-pound monkey's finger was almost instantaneous death.

As it grounded, a youth jumped overboard and started wading ashore, the muddy water not even up to his knees. Suddenly he let out a scream of agony that brought the whole waterfront to a stop. He fell writhing in the water, screaming again and again.

A dozen of us rushed to his aid and dragged him ashore. Blood poured from his right ankle. He had been lanced by a primitive type of fish known as a sting ray. He was taken in a sling ray. He was taken in a sling ray. He was taken in a sling ray.

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NATURE'S POISON PUNCHES THE LANCERS

By IVAN T. SANDERSON
Explorer, Naturalist, Author

A GROUP of local natives had been fishing in the lagoon from a large sailing canoe. The small jetties and the wharf of the little port were crowded with schooners and large motorboats, so the canoe headed for the shallow, muddy foreshore beyond the open seafloor market.

As it grounded, a youth jumped overboard and started wading ashore, the muddy water not even up to his knees. Suddenly he let out a scream of agony that brought the whole waterfront to a stop. He fell writhing in the water, screaming again and again.

A dozen of us rushed to his aid and dragged him ashore. Blood poured from his right ankle. He had been lanced by a primitive type of fish known as a sting ray. He was taken in a sling ray. He was taken in a sling ray.

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RENE MacCOLL winds up in Moscow after his second tour of Russia

☆☆☆

DRY BREAD AND CIRCUSES

MOSCOW. I HAVE always disliked circuses, although I have seen many of them. I have seen them in the Soviet Union, and I have seen them in the West.

Why — by going to circuses, listening to concerts, and visiting factories.

How to explain this paradox?

It is an odd feature of life among the Soviets—but one which nearly all visiting Westerners are aware of. Here in the capital it is called "Moscow malaise."

Every time I go to the theatre or ballet here in Moscow I can take a safe bet on encountering many familiar faces from among the Western embassies.

Although the diplomats have nice flats, long-playing gramophone records—and the Soviet records are excellent and plenty to read, it is rare indeed to find them curling up with a good book for an evening at home.

SINKING With all this culture

WHY? One of them put it to me like this: "After all, our stay in the Soviet Union is a once-in-a-lifetime experience. You feel that you must make use of every last minute of your time here. Even if you feel exhausted at the end of the day's work you just have to get out and see or do something, participate in the life of the place. Otherwise you are haunted by the sense of opportunity missed."

Another Western diplomat is one of the few exceptions to this rule. He said to me: "I never dream of going to see a factory or home, so why should I crawl round them here?"

Well, I think perhaps he is making a mistake. This I can tell you from my own experience: these have been many occasions since I arrived here nearly three months ago when

my heart sank over the prospect of what sounded like some supremely boring chore — yet another museum to see, another palace of culture to be gone over.

And yet not once in retrospect have I regretted going. Always something to be gained from the experience, some little extra life to be fitted into the absorbing mosaic that makes up the Soviet Union.

DRINKING By the 100 Grammes

THE Soviet Union has no bars or pubs as we know them. There are some beer halls in Moscow, but I find these unattractive.

One thing you can't get in the Soviet Union is a quick drink. You go into a restaurant, sit down and wait. Finally the waitress shows up and you order "one hundred grammes of vodka" or "a bottle of Georgian wine No. 3."

She says: "To eat?" You reply: "Nothing, thanks." Whereupon she says: "Why are you unwell?" You say: "No, never felt better in my life." She shakes her head and withdraws.

After that you may get the drink in 15 minutes or maybe half an hour or possibly 40 minutes. And if you yearn for one for the road you'll be there till midnight.

AMUSING? Not the tractors!

SO all in all MacColl finds himself casting about for more exotic forms of amusement such as tractor factories or Young Pioneers' Camps or even, heaven help us, a full scale railway run by children.

I think perhaps the all-time something-or-other was reached in Petrozavodsk, in Northern Kazakhstan, the other day where I was all set to visit the local slaughterhouse. At the last moment the manager became sick and the date was scrubbed.

By the way, what makes these

rather demanding affairs is that if you are going to be taken round a place, you are taken right round it and no nonsense.

Once or twice on such occasions I have broken away—or tried to—without inspecting every last nook and cranny. But the officials have always looked so shocked at this that I soon realised that I was committing a piece of reprehensible rudeness. So now it is the whole works every time for MacColl.

There was a characteristic example of this when I went out to a "pioneers' camp" some miles out of Kharkov the other day. The pioneers are boys and girls aged seven to 14, and they spend a month in holiday camp every summer.

I was escorted round this camp by a committee of five adults, but very much in command was the camp director, a zorking great Amazon of a woman with personality to match.

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wishes of this Kharkov pioneers' camp.

These various reflections have been touched off by the fact that I found myself sitting in a circus at Kiev the other evening, eating ice cream. In no other country in the world can I possibly imagine myself going to the circus alone—but there I was.

BOWING By smiling order

THERE were dashing Cossack horsemen who played the concertina upside down as they hung from their saddles, tight-rope walkers in Ukrainian national dress, a weightlifter who sweated manfully to great applause, and a family who trotted up and down a ladder heroically borne upon the upturned feet of father, the anchorman.

The circus and its ways are completely international. I'd say: the only small point of difference I spotted was that the ringmaster, in white tie and tails, was the arbiter on taking bows.

The convention was that the performers would start to trot off at the end of their acts, only to run into the ringmaster smilingly blocking their exit and indicating that they must turn back for another cheer.

P.S.—A form of amusement that I really cannot abide is a puppet show. And so where is MacColl off to tonight?

Yes...

By the way, what makes these

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WHEN D-O-G SPELLS DANGEROUS

By ANDREW HOPE

MANY people are asking



THE Aberdeen Trade School's annual prize distribution took place last Sunday. Lady Lo, wife of the Hon. Sir Man-kam Lo, is seen presenting a prize to one of the successful students. (Staff Photographer)



A Chinese lion dance—one of the attractions at the children's party organised by the Sino-British Club and held at the Kowloon Cricket Club last week. (Staff Photographer)



AT the opening on Monday of the Fish Marketing Training Centre, sponsored jointly by the Hongkong Government and the UN Food and Agricultural Organisation. Mr J. T. Wakefield (left), Hongkong's Director of Marketing, is seen in conversation with two Burmese delegates, U E Than and U Saw Myint. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr Luis Chan, the artist (with glasses), discussing a point with the Hon. L. G. Morgan and Mrs Thelma Heitmeyer on the opening day of his one-man show at the Hongkong Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



THIS fine model of a fast patrol boat caught the interest of all young visitors to the exhibition of students' work at the Diocesan Boys' School, held in conjunction with the annual speech day of the School. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr Chater Singh, leader of the visiting University of Malaya sportsman (second from left), photographed with Mr Booy Kok-keng, President of the Malayan Association, and other members at a party in honour of the visitors. Below: Those who took part in the Hongkong-Malaya inter-arsity cricket and football contests. (Staff Photographer)



MR O. F. Bower (left), who has just retired from the Hongkong Police, receiving a farewell gift from the Commissioner, Mr A. C. Maxwell, at a cocktail party held at the Hongkong Club. (Willie's)

LEFT: Mr Francisco Maria Botelho helping his bride, the former Miss Genuina Anita Tavares, to cut the cake at the reception following their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

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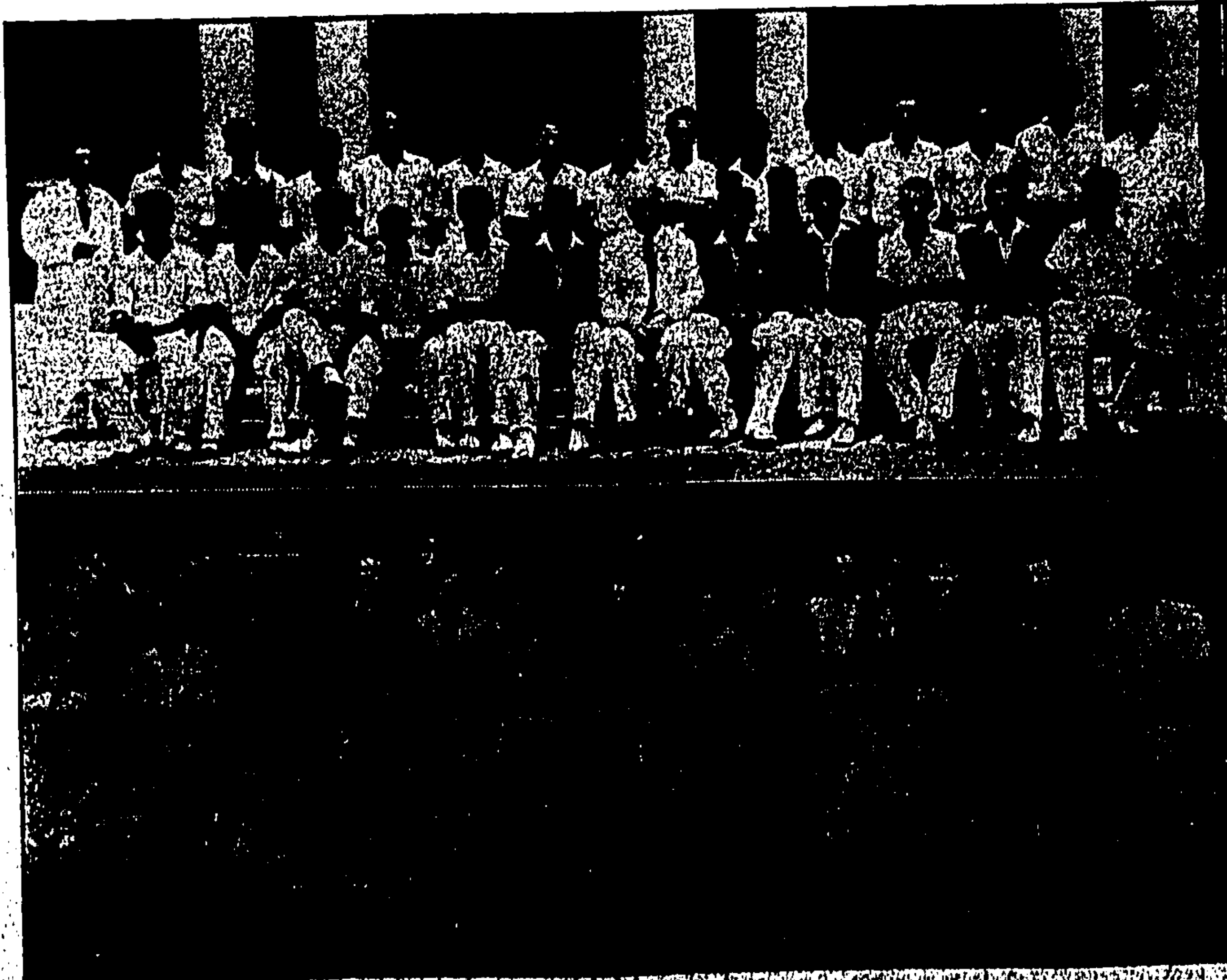
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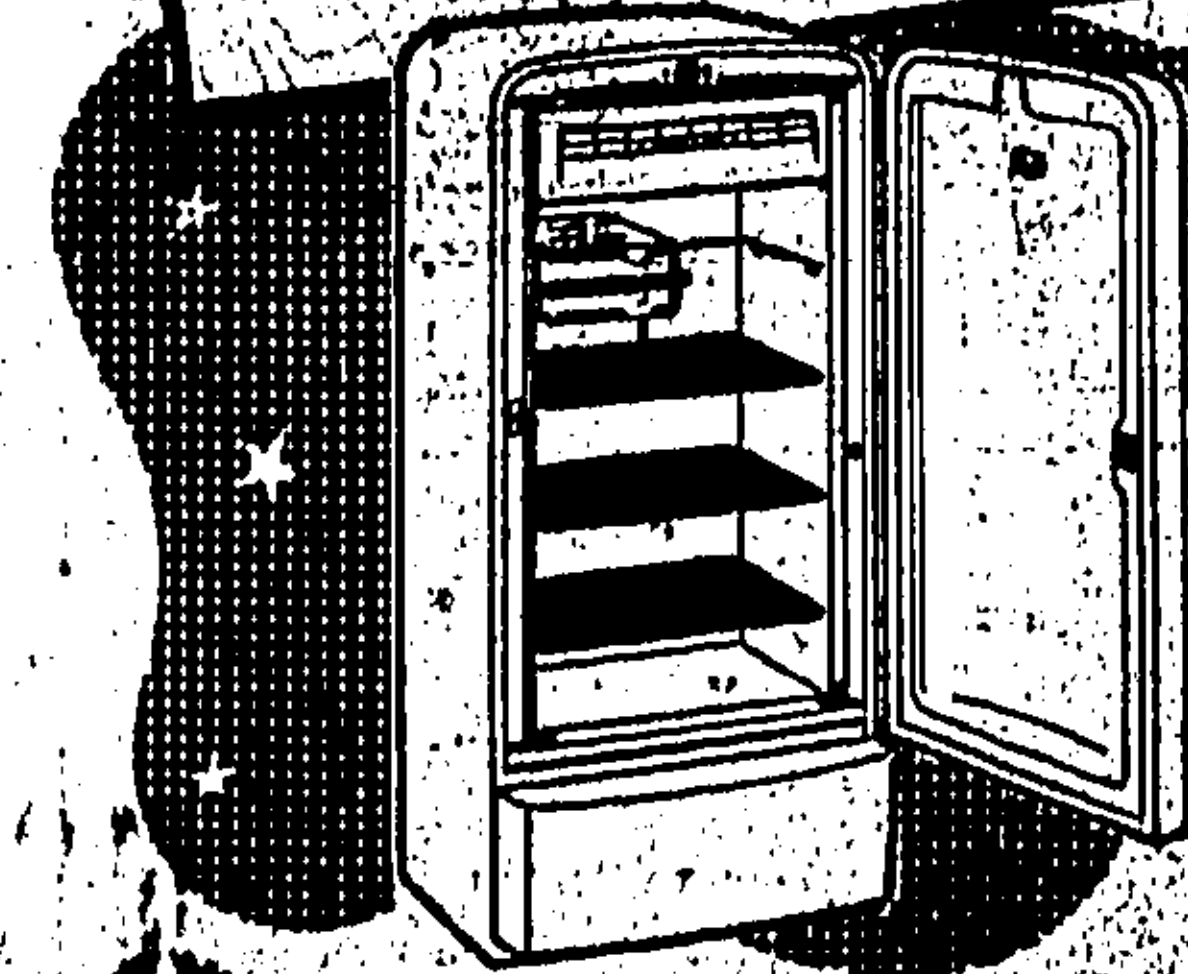
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MISS B. M. Bicheno, Headmistress of the Peak School and a strong supporter of St John's Cathedral (third from left), seen at the farewell tea party given in her honour on Thursday by the Council of St John's Cathedral. Miss Bicheno is leaving Hongkong later this month. (Staff Photographer)



MRS I. Lowery (centre), the General Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Children, was presented with an engraved tea service from members of the General and Executive Committees of the organisation before her departure from Hongkong this week. (Staff Photographer)



ONE of the many colourful Chinese folk dances presented by members of the St James's Boys' and Girls' Club at a music night held last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Shiu Wai-ming, wife of a member of the Council of St Stephen's College, presenting prizes at the annual prize day last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



BABY Marilyn Shelagh, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. Hudson Felgate, is photographed with her parents and brother after being christened at St John's Cathedral on Saturday last. (C. K. Pang)



GROUP picture taken after the christening of Victoria Jane, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs K. S. Kinghorn, at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (C. K. Pang)

RIGHT: Mr Shum lu-lun, who is retiring from Government service after 38 years, replying to good wishes from his colleagues in the Public Works Department after a farewell presentation made by Mr W. R. N. Andrews, seated at left. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at a farewell party for Robert Kwan, son of Mr and Mrs Kwan Man-wai, who is shortly leaving for England to continue his studies. Robert is seen in the middle of the second row. (Cambridge Wang)

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THE Special Constabulary being inspected by the Commissioner of Police, Mr. A. C. Maxwell, at a review held at Murray Parade Ground on Thursday. Accompanying the Commissioner is the Hon. M. W. Turner, Assistant Commissioner, Special Constabulary. (Staff Photographer)

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It Gets Curiouser And Curiouser

Beer of Hope

Voice of Doom?

Underwear

A political cartoon by E. J. Flinn titled "WORLD LEADERSHIP". The scene is set on the bridge of a ship. In the foreground, a man in a British naval officer's uniform (the British Ambassador) is at the ship's wheel, which is labeled "WORLD LEADERSHIP". He is smoking a pipe. Next to him, a man in a U.S. naval officer's uniform (the U.S. Ambassador) is seated, looking on. Behind them, a man in a British Ambassador's hat (the British Ambassador) and a woman in a U.S. Foreign Affairs Committee member's dress (the U.S. Foreign Affairs Committee member) are seated, reading a newspaper titled "MAP 1934". The cartoon is signed "E. J. Flinn" in the bottom right corner.

BACKSEAT DRIVERS

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IS THERE A PRIME MINISTER IN THE HOUSE?

JEFFREY TYLER looks around the political stables to spot likely leaders of tomorrow

Turner back

Hefty man

What a prize for any young man!

1 2 3

It's amusing

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Then you'll have proved to yourself that there's nothing, absolutely nothing, so good

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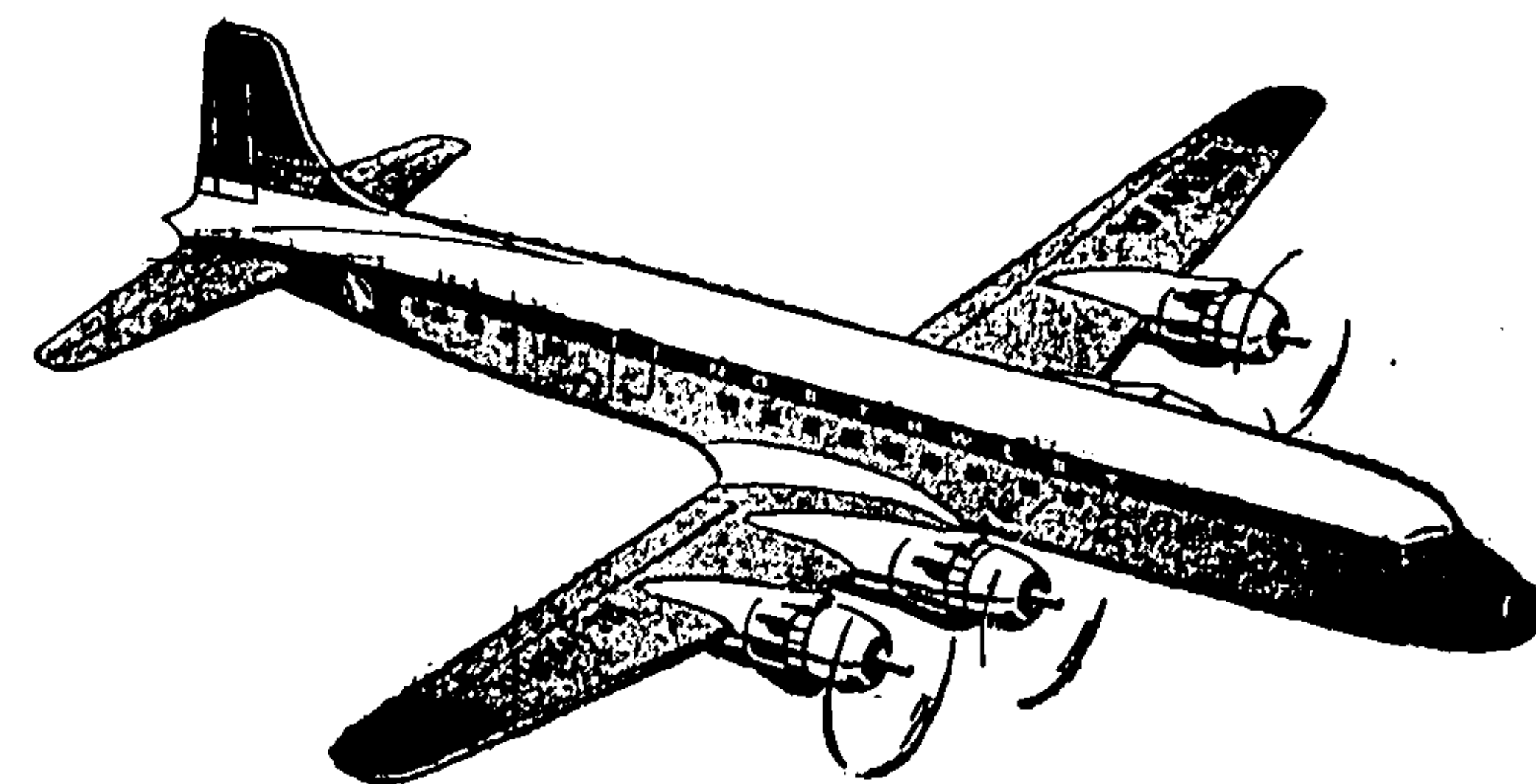
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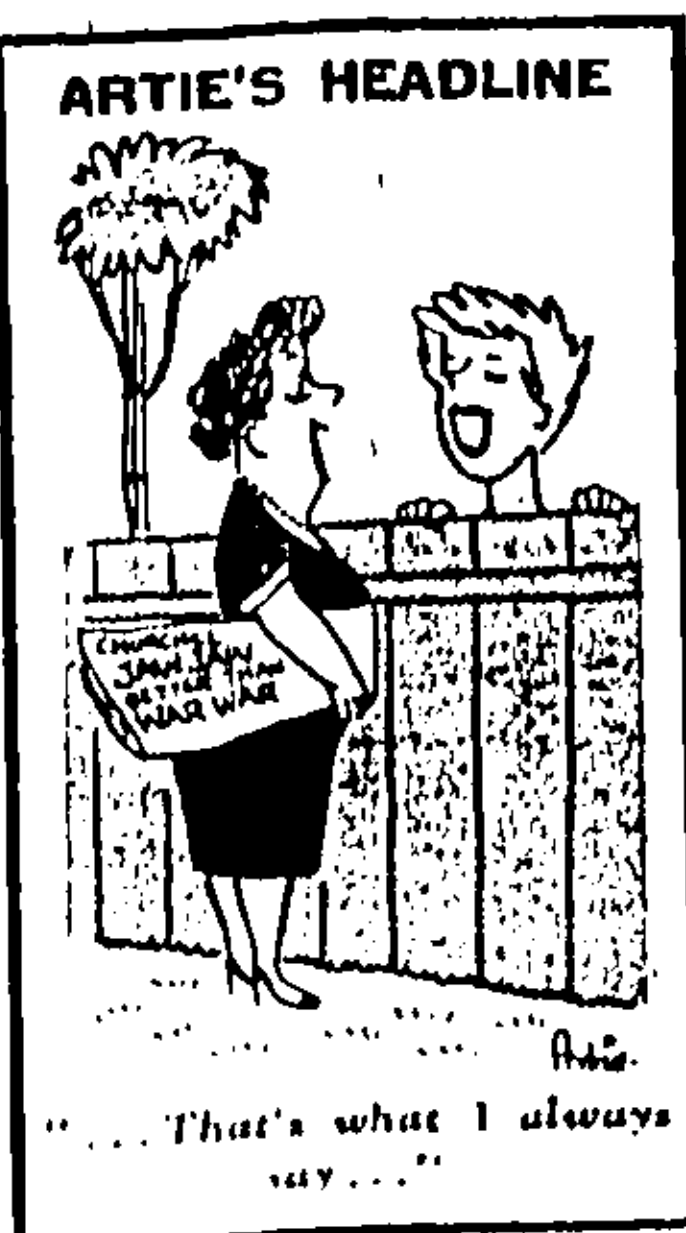
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Paris meant danger

... to the modest buccaneer

BOOKS

by George
Malcolm Thomson

WHEN St. Malo was retaken by the Americans and its German garrison of 86 had surrendered, the town, with its historic treasures, was utterly destroyed.

Poking about among the ruins, the scholarly M. Hemar, a local architect, came upon an old trunk, half-burned and crushed by fallen masonry. Inside were three battered manuscript volumes (824 pages) which, to his delight, proved to be the memoirs of a West In-

dian filibuster of the reign of Louis XIV, Captain Louis-Adhemar-Timothée le Golf.

M. Hemar showed his find to M. Alaux, an artist, who carried the precious volumes off to Paris and called in M. T'Serstevens, a novelist, to help in the work of editing. M. Alaux cut down tedious accounts of naval actions and improved the spelling. M. T'Serstevens indulged in further amputations with the pitiless surgery of the professional mind.

His surgery spared numerous amusing incidents which brought a gentler note into the somber life of the buccaneer. Nothing, he declares—and his word must be accepted—was added to the narrative. It may be said that, in colour and warmth, le Golf's story could hardly be excelled by the most picturesque piece of fiction.

Although parish registers reveal no trace of le Golf's existence, his adventures from his own story as a vivid and forthright personality.

Overcoming a "modesty which is among the first of my natural virtues," he admits to be the foremost man in attack, the best swordsman in the Americas, endowed with a "fury which from one side of the Caribbean Sea to the other was a weapon more feared than the largest cannon or the Lord God's own thunder."

Born about 1640, he was educated for the Church, but had the misfortune to get with child the daughter of a local linen-draper. Monsieur le Bishop "was pleased to see in this that my calling was not as certain as could be desired."

Hunger drove him to take work as an indentured labourer in a Santo Domingo plantation, from which he fled to join the buccaneers, unable to endure his treatment by a brutal employer.

The murder of this wretch is described with no undue squeamishness. First, he was forced to blaspheme and then was butchered; thus ensuring that his departure from this world would coincide with his arrival in hell.

Unlike most gentlemen of fortune, le Golf had no love of gambling, but devoted his leisure to women and wine. The former were scarce among the buccaneers, save only among the English who, being heretics, were abnormally lascivious. "How," asks le Golf in disgust, "can one remain on good terms with heretics?" Not only did they pillage churches and molest monks, but they insisted on having the better part of the provisions for themselves.

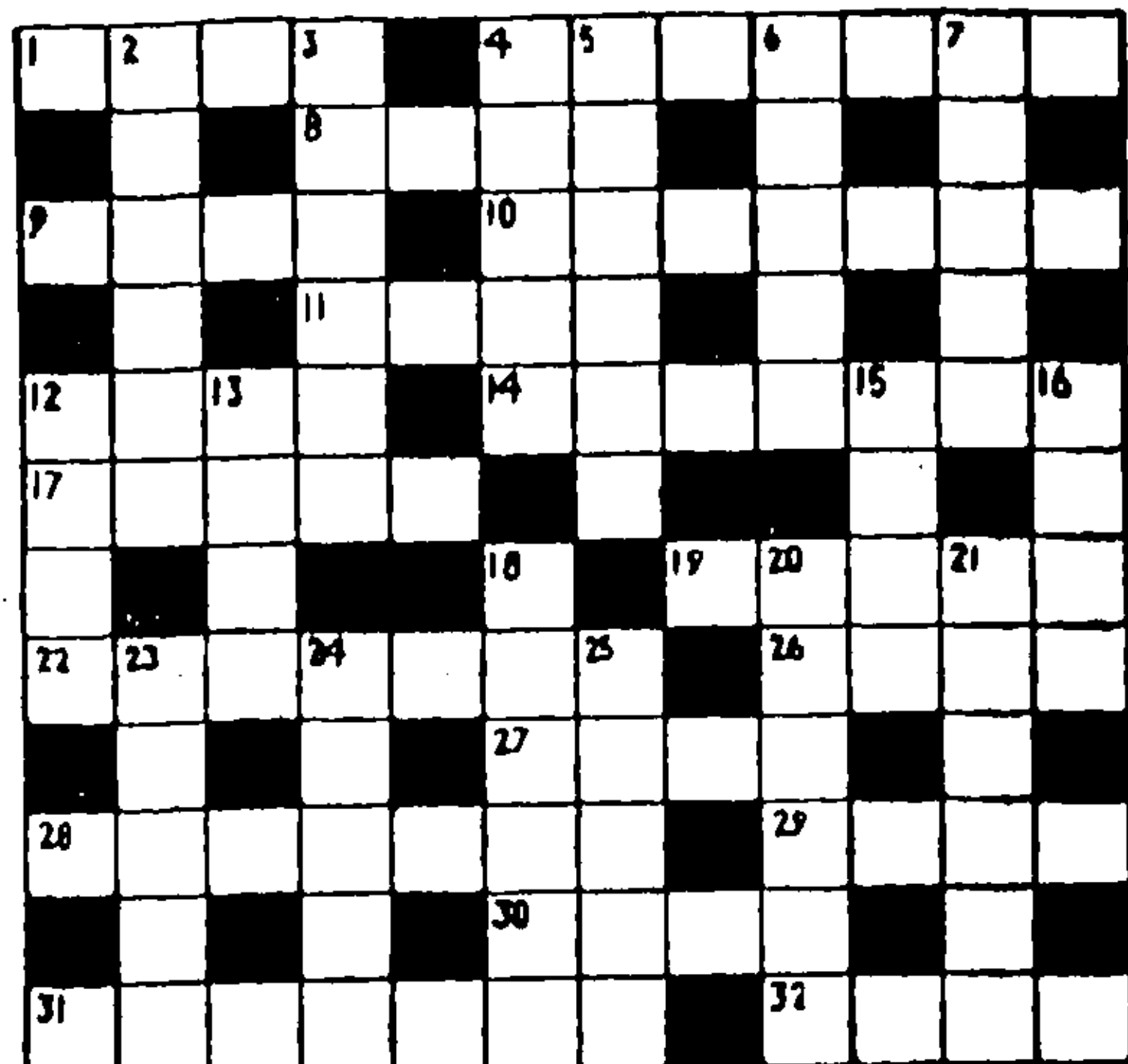
The famous pirate Teach or Blackbeard (a Nonconformist) would have found little favour with his French confrere. Would he have tolerated Captain Kidd (Presbyterian)? It seems doubtful.

The last section of his story makes rather reading. After killing and robbing so many Spaniards, he naturally expected reward or naval command from his king. He received neither.

Going to Paris to press his claims, he was robbed by misadventure with the king. He concluded that Paris was more dangerous than the Caribbean and, when the French navy suffered a series of defeats, had no need to look far for the explanation.

Brutal, lurid and boastful, filled with wild exaggerations, downright lies and coarse comedy, the memoirs of this French buccaneer are an eloquent tribute to the literary skill of le Golf and his editors.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- | ACROSS | DOWN |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Deeds (4) | 2 Drape (6) |
| 4 Exact copy (7) | 3 Console (6) |
| 8 Precious stone (4) | 4 Mud (5) |
| 9 Thwart (4) | 5 Dodged (6) |
| 10 Butcher (7) | 6 Not heavy (5) |
| 11 Engr (4) | 7 Free from dirt (5) |
| 12 Smart (4) | 12 Shellfish (4) |
| 14 Fate (7) | 13 Unit of length (4) |
| 17 Renovate (5) | 15 Object of worship (4) |
| 19 Scent (5) | 16 Oiler times (4) |
| 22 Command (7) | 18 Looks fixedly (6) |
| 24 Beside (4) | 20 Modest (6) |
| 27 Participle (4) | 21 Shows in (6) |
| 28 Take prisoner (7) | 22 Escape from (5) |
| 29 Employed (4) | 24 Penetrate (5) |
| 30 Water juk (4) | 25 Shimmers (5) |
| 31 Noble lady (7) | |
| 32 Compass point (4) | |

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Bedlam, 5 Relax, 8 Raven, 9 Sprout, 10 Busin, 11 Madman, 12 Nook, 13 Tease, 16 Models, 18 Scores, 20 Steel, 22 Zero, 23 Refer, 25 Basis, 26 Tinsel, 27 Sheep, 28 Spies, 29 Sensed. Down: 1 Business, 2 Dormouse, 3 Arum, 4 Matador, 5 Rebates, 6 Enamel, 7 Alias, 14 Asperges, 15 Extolled, 16 Molests, 17 Deletes, 19 Cerise, 21 Tramp, 24 Ripe.

PARADE

TO THE WOODS The shipwrights of Britain discovered last week that the wheel had gone full circle. They were right back where they started in King Alfred the Great's days—building wooden ships again.

Even in the atom age, it seemed the Navy could not get by without its wooden-walls. The Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, told the Admiralty Council of Shipwrights at a formal luncheon of the Navy's plan to revert to wood as building material for its coastal and inshore mine-sweeping squadron.

Modern magnetic-type mines, he said, made this necessary.

THAT HORSE AGAIN The Trojan Horse is causing trouble again—in Rome. American film director Robert Wise has decided he doesn't like the 20-foot wooden horse designed by Italian carpenters. He is planning to have a special team come from Hollywood to make the horse for the new picture "Helen of Troy."

But Italian labourers say they will go on strike if he does.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE Three years and nine months ago, 38-year-old Anne Becker set off on her horse Furio to ride the 17,000 miles from Buenos Aires to Ottawa. The other day she arrived—after a world-record-breaking ride.

The streets were lined with cheering citizens.

But the cheers weren't for her. Sir Winston Churchill arrived the same hour.

LOVELY ANKLES When the name of Miss Cook was called to receive first prize in a "Lovely Ankle" competition at a Bedhampton (Hampshire) church fête, Mr. J. Cook stepped forward.

He had borrowed his wife's nylon and shoes, and with 24 women stood behind a screen under which only ankles were visible.

The judges disqualified him and the prize went to the runner-up.

HEAR, HEAR TECHNIQUE "Glasses for hearing"—this is the latest idea from America, which have will revolutionise technique for treating deafness and eye trouble.

These special glasses have a hearing aid complete with batteries, microphone and all.

A HEADACHE NATO'S HEAD-QUARTERS In Naples and Smyrna received an urgent ciphered message a few weeks ago informing them that the Third World War would break out any moment.

The message was marked "Comic" and a classification several grades higher than "Top Secret." As NATO's informants had visualised it, the Soviet heavy cruiser, Admiral Nakhimov, would torpedo the Greek flag ship, the cruiser, Elli, in the Gulf of Salonika. And on board the Elli were King Paul of Greece and President Tito of Yugoslavia. They were sailing from Athens to Salonika to watch there a spectacular Army march-parade before Tito's return to Belgrade.

The alert came from the Greek Admiralty. A top priority signal had reached them from the cruiser Elli reporting that one cruiser and two destroyers of unknown nationality had been sighted on the horizon, following the cruiser Elli.

It was immediately assumed that they were the Soviet war-ship Admiral Nakhimov and her two escort destroyers, which had, a few days earlier, crossed the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean.

The Greek Admiralty immediately signalled NATO's Southern HQ to alert the 6th U.S. Fleet, since a Soviet attack against the Greek flag ship would have meant war.

After taking all emergency measures the present officers of the Greek Naval Staff instructed the Elli to proceed with the identification of the "suspect" vessels.

It took several strained hours before all concerned heaved a sigh of relief when the news came that the Soviet cruiser turned out to be Marshal Tito's warship, the Galeb, and two Yugoslav destroyers which had been escorting the Elli to Salonika.

STONE DEAF William James Kelway, 70, of Wellington, Somerset, made a fortune out of his invention and manufacture of the famous "Toms" violin strings, noted for their purity of tone, but he was stone deaf.

He counted among his customers, from all over the world the cream of international string instrumentalists including Kreisler and Kubelik. He left no will when he died recently but a fortune of £91,142, almost half of which has gone in death duties.

No one knew his secret of making his violin strings. He began playing the violin at ten. When deafness, 20 years later, spoiled his future as a player he began experimenting with the idea of perfecting violin and other stringed instruments. He was 60 when he died.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Kissing The Bride

BY HARRY WEINERT



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Radio Hongkong Relaying Commentary On British Grand Prix Motor Race

A programme of interest to sports enthusiasts in general, and the motoring fraternity in particular, will be broadcast this evening at 10.30. This will be an eyewitness account, by a BBC commentator, of the RAC British Grand Prix, which is to be run on the new circuit at Aintree, near Liverpool.

The British Grand Prix is for formula cars, and the race is one of 90 laps, totalling 270 miles. Sponsored again by the Daily Express, it is being organised by the British Racing Drivers Club.

The new circuit at Aintree, recently completed, runs for three miles on the perimeter of the famous steeply sloping circuit. It is a fast course, with its long Railway Straight (just under a mile), and the finishing straight of about half a mile past the stands.

The whole course is in full view of the big grandstands which hold over 20,000 people. There is parking space for 15,000 cars.

"BLOOD WILL OUT"

Many interesting details about the British pedigree livestock industry are given in "Blood Will Out" - a BBC feature programme introduced by Harry Hunt, the BBC's Agricultural Liaison Officer, and Robert Flegan.

It includes the view of experts on the breeding of British livestock, and the Secretary of the British Livestock Export Group tells how the Group was organised to overcome the difficulties of getting animals to their new homes overseas.

Listeners are given glimpses of that breed of breeders from all parts of the world - the livestock sales at Perth in Scotland, and of the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. This 'angle' on an unusual British export can be heard on Friday at 8.30 p.m.

THE STORY OF CURARE
The attractions of curare, a strange poison that has fascinated many unusual men, lie in its dangerous power and its insidious qualities.

Listeners to the "Story of Curare" will learn how, though discovered in the time of Columbus - until quite recently no real use was found for the drug; but in 1942 two anaesthetists in Montreal used curare for the first time in surgical operations.

Today it is increasingly employed to relax the muscles of patients during critical operations. Some of the scenes of this absorbing programme are set in the South American jungles where for centuries explorers have studied and collected the many varieties of the poison which Indian tribes smear on the tips of their arrows.

Radio Hongkong is broadcasting this feature on Tuesday evening at 9.45.

MUSIC
Jan Hu will be in the Concert Hall on Wednesday evening at 8.30 to give a short recital of songs by Tchaikovsky. Jan Hu, who is a member of a very musical family, is already well known to listeners to Radio Hongkong for his charming and varied repertoire - from Chinese songs to Italian arias. His group on Wednesday will include "Twins April", "Serenade", "Why" and "Spring Time".

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Today

- 12.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.35 NEWS FROM THE SHOWS.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. MUSICAL RECAPS.
1.05 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
1.20 EDUCATING ARCHIE.
1.25 STUDIO: CONTEMPORARY JAZZ.
1.30 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
1.35 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.40 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.45 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.50 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"No and Juliet" (Rodgers-Hammerstein II). Keep it 897. No other love, I'm your girl; "Can-Can" (Cole Porter). I am in love, C'est magnifique; "I'll be home" (Go away).
1.15 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.20 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
The Magic Flute - Overture (Mozart) - Josef Kriepke conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.
Le Carnaval Des Animaux (Saint-Saens) - Orchestra Symphonique de la Radiodiffusion Nationale Belge; Brussels, cond. by Franz Andre.
1.25 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
Presented by Helen.
2.05 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.10 OLD TIME BALLROOM.
With Sydney Thompson and his orchestra.
2.15 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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LEAGUE BOWLS

TOUGH JOB AHEAD FOR THE RECREIO "BLUES" IN THE NEXT THREE WEEKS

By "TOUCHER"

With the two Luz brothers, who are scheduled to leave for the Empire Games today, out of their team, the champion Recreio "Blues" begin this afternoon the tough assignment of holding their lead in the First Division Lawn Bowls League for the next three weeks.

They will cross over to the undermanned Filipino Club green this afternoon and with the large gaps left with the departure of the Luz brothers, they will undoubtedly meet with strong opposition from the Filipino bowlers.

All the three Recreio rinks have been reshuffled and although both Jackie Noronha's and Johnny Ribeiro's remain fairly strong, C. Roza-Pereira's four may prove to be the weak link.

A confident Filipino bowler confided to me that his side would win by a 4-2 margin. With the advantage of playing on a home green which is slightly different from other greens, my friend's optimism seems to me well justified.

Much of Recreio's chance of staying off a defeat appears to rest on the ability of J. M. Gutierrez, F. X. Silva, L. F. Xavier and C. Roza-Pereira to click as a rink.

The luck of the draw may also be an important factor. Should L. S. Silva's rink be

drawn against that of C. Roza-Pereira, the "Blues" could be assured of a 4-1 or 5-0 victory.

Should, however, Bill Ogley's or Dick Basa's rink clash with that of C. Roza-Pereira, the Filipino bowlers will be given a good opportunity of bringing off an upset win.

Kowloon Cricket Club should reap the best harvest in the week's First Division games. Placed in as sound a position as any of the "Blues" on the League table with one game in hand and 3½ points behind the League leaders, they will have a deteriorating Police Club team as their opponents this afternoon.

Well within their grasp are the maximum five points which will place them virtually in a

better position than the Recreio "Blues".

Closest game in the First Division will probably be that between Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Recreio "Whites" at Austin Road. The KRGC bowlers put up a creditable performance last week, though losing to Kowloon Cricket Club by 4½ points to 2.

They will be without their Empire Games lead, Eric Liddell, this afternoon, but with the improving form they are showing they must be conceded a likely 4-1 win in this game.

SECOND DIVISION

Main interest in this week's League games will be centred on the Second Division where competition at its closest and keenest, especially among the six top contenders, Hongkong Football Club, Taikeo, Craigengower, Recreio, KCC and Indian Recreation Club.

Craigengower have the best of the draw this afternoon as they will be at home to the Hongkong Cricket Club from whom they are expected to take at least four points which will bring their aggregate points to 32 with one game in hand in comparison to HKFC, Taikeo and Recreio.

The Football Club, who are at the head of the table with 29½ points, have a tough assignment in an away match against Recreio.

This should be an extremely close game, in which Recreio will undoubtedly go all out to collect at least four points to put them back in the running for the Championship.

On the form they showed last week-end, when they went down to Craigengower by 4-1, it seems to me that the odds will be well on the side of the Football Club to win by a 4-1 margin.

The best match of the afternoon in the Second Division will be that between Taikeo and Kowloon Cricket Club at Taikeo. Though fifth on the League table and 4½ points behind the League-leading HKFC, the Kowloon Cricket Club are in the happy position of having two games in hand.

A good win for them this afternoon will not only enhance their position, but will also blunt the challenge of one of their closest rivals for the Championship.

At the moment, Taikeo are playing head-up bowls and although the Kowloonites have been improving tremendously in their last few matches, it is still difficult to conceive of them as the winners in this afternoon's game.

Kowloon's rink is still to be beaten after five outings and J. Baxter's rink has only lost two games this season. I expect these two rinks to carry Taikeo to a 4-1 win.

In the Third Division all the three top teams will have little difficulty in broadening their lead. Indian Recreation Club should take at least four points from Craigengower and so should Hongkong Electric from the Police.

Only the Filipino Club may probably meet with some opposition from the USRC.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

FC v. Recreio "Blues"

KCC v. CCC

KRGC v. Recreio "Whites"

FC v. KCC

Second Division

HKFC v. CCC

Recreio v. HKFC

KRGC v. USRC

TC v. KCC

PRC v. IRC

Third Division

CCC v. IRC

FC v. USRC

HKFC v. KCC

HKRC v. PRC



Maureen Connolly with the trophy for the Women's Singles Championship at Wimbledon which she now holds for the third successive year. — Reuterphoto.

Football Association's Annual General Meeting Next Friday Will Have A Special Significance

By I. M. MacTAVISH

In a few days' time the Hongkong Football Association will hold its Annual General Meeting. The meeting this year has a special significance and has been well discussed in the press, in clubs and of course by football-minded individuals and groups in private conversation.

I believe it is the opinion of many well informed people that even without any special circumstances this year's meeting would have been something more than ordinary, but there can be no doubt that the impending departure from the Colony of Mr Jack Skinner, the present Chairman, has boosted the partisan interest in the nomination of a successor.

In previous articles I said that the search for a successor would be a difficult one and might well provoke stormy exchanges and anyone who has the opportunity of watching the off-stage tussles that have been going on will appreciate fully the accuracy of that comment.

The more I thought about the affair the more I wanted to discuss it with some currently disinterested person who has a long understanding of local football matters.

I was recommended to obtain the views of one who has spent almost a lifetime in the Colony and, just in case there should be any suggestion of biased opinion—let me say that he is not a European. He told me that he had interested himself in Hongkong football for more years than he cared to recall.

In the course of our conversation he said that he had been watching the present situation closely but he regretted that instead of it being a straight forward election of

a new office bearer, the affair was steadily developing into a struggle for power between the two main interests in the Association.

So much was this the case that some folks are losing, have already lost or are deliberately refusing to show any appreciation of the real significance of the office.

FIRST QUALIFICATION

The first vital qualification, as my counsellor pointed out, is an unwavering and undivided loyalty to the Hongkong Football Association. To this must be added an unfettered desire to foster its domestic efficiency and to inspire it towards success in international competition.

Such a set of qualifications immediately cuts out—ethically if not technically—those who have already avowed that their major loyalties lie elsewhere.

For his closing gambit my friend pointed out with a smile that it would be quite incongruous, for example to see the Chairman of the HKFA cheering an opposing side . . . and it could happen.

Whether or not I agree with these sentiments, wholly or in part, remains my secret for the moment but there are several important points that I have established during recent conversations with various people. The first is that Jack Skinner, always the willing servant, is ready to carry on with the duties of his present office until his departure from the Colony early next year.

While his short term re-election could at the best be only a palliative, it would no doubt provide a welcome breathing space for all concerned to pursue still further their quest for a generally suitable successor.

The second point—and before I make it let me state quite clearly that I am NOT acting as an election agent for anyone—but facts are facts, and it seems that few people have taken into consideration the most significant contribution made to local football by the recent work of Mr L. G. Young who has been attending FIFA gatherings and

It Seems "Little Mo" Can Remain Champion As Long As She Wishes

It was 1940. Summer coming to the town of San Diego, California, stirred many sporting instincts, including those of the sturdy five-year-old daughter of Mr and Mrs Connolly.

Miss Connolly junior had just started school and the journey took her past the public tennis courts. And just like a five-year-old her reaction was "I want a hat and ball too."

Reckoning a quiet life was cheap at a couple of dollars, Mr Connolly obliged. A simple act. Typical of thousands that have taken place in the past and will, as long as there are tennis and children, continue to take place.

THE LAUNCHING

But none is likely to have such repercussions. For Mr Connolly's daughter is the now famous Maureen, and the buying of that toy racket was the first act in the launching of "Little Mo", the girl who in twelve years was to rule the tennis waves and win every honour in the game.

Two weeks ago Maureen won her third successive Wimbledon title, an amazing performance for a girl of only nineteen. Yet such is the dominance of this

tennis prodigy that her victory was received with no more acclaim than the rising of the sun—a wonder that has become commonplace by its regularity.

Brown-eyed Maureen of the blonde wavy hair has become the Don Bradman of women's tennis. She is only news when she fails. She has blazed a success trail unequalled in women's tennis even by the Lengens and the Wills or, more recently, the Betz and the Brouns.

And on Maureen's recent Wimbledon performance it seems that her reign will continue just as long as she wishes. It is difficult to visualise anyone being able to withstand her barrage of ground shots.

Despite her early baptism into the game, Maureen did not take up tennis seriously until the ripe old age of ten. Always first out of school she would rush straight off to the courts—the same ones which inspired her to want that first racket five years before.

Here she caught the eye of Wilbur Folsom, one-time athlete, crippled in a car smash. He started her on the road to headlines with many useful tips. Two years later Eleanor "Tench" Tennant, maker of stars like Bobby Riggs and Althea Marble, took over.

Within four years Maureen had won 70 prizes and was ranked 18th in the United States. At fifteen she had jumped to tenth place in the ratings and the only players to defeat her were Mrs Pat Todd and Wimbledon Champion Doris Hart.

INTERNATIONAL AT 16

The following year 16-year-old Maureen made her international debut. It was in the Wightman Cup and she celebrated the occasion with a 6-1, 6-3 win over Britain's Kathleen Tuckey.

That began Maureen's uninterrupted run of success against the world's top players. Yet it is a success that has not brought comparable reward. Little Mo has come to be looked upon as someone who cannot help winning—in short a natural tennis player.

How unfair to a girl who has worked harder for her success than most other stars. An attractive lively youngster, Maureen liked life; parties, dances and the cinema were almost essential to her daily round.

But she realised that tennis and bright lights wouldn't mix. So when her friends called to go on an evening out Maureen would regretfully decline. For her it was two or three hours' solid practice and then off to bed.

SLAVE TO HER RACKET

She became a slave to her tennis racket. It ruled her life. See what she did on winning her first American Championship. There she was, a 16-year-

old girl, top of the tennis world after beating reigning champion Doris Hart. But having practised for an hour before the match Maureen went back to brush up her service which was "just awful."

This attitude has given rise to another Connolly story that the Champion is a heartless machine who even now thinks only of volleys and smashes.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Maureen, champion tennis player, is also a young girl, and human.

For one thing she is superstitious. She first won Wimbledon wearing a dress trimmed with satin. Now she has a dress specially made for every Final, and always trimmed with satin. And she will never play without wearing the ring her uncle brought back from China when she was ten and a bracelet given her by her mother five years ago. These are not the actions of a machine.

And just listen to her analysis of herself: "On the court my one-thought is how to get that ball over the net—and hard. Off the court? Well, I hope to be getting married shortly so I guess I do have other things to think about. Sure I practice a lot. But I figure the better you play the more you enjoy it. As practice makes for better play it also makes for more enjoyment."

ALSO A JOURNALIST

Maureen is also a journalist. After working as a copy girl on her local newspaper she graduated via cub reporting to becoming a columnist. And what does she write about? "Anything but tennis. But tennis helps me no end."

She says: "It's helped me to go to all sorts of interesting places and meet all sorts of interesting people. They are what I write about."

But what finally exploded the machine myth was her reaction to her latest Wimbledon victory over Louise Brough. Five minutes after becoming Wimbledon champion for the third successive year, Maureen was bubbling over with excitement. About her win? No, about the pink and white dress she was wearing for that evening's Wimbledon ball.

—(London Express Service)

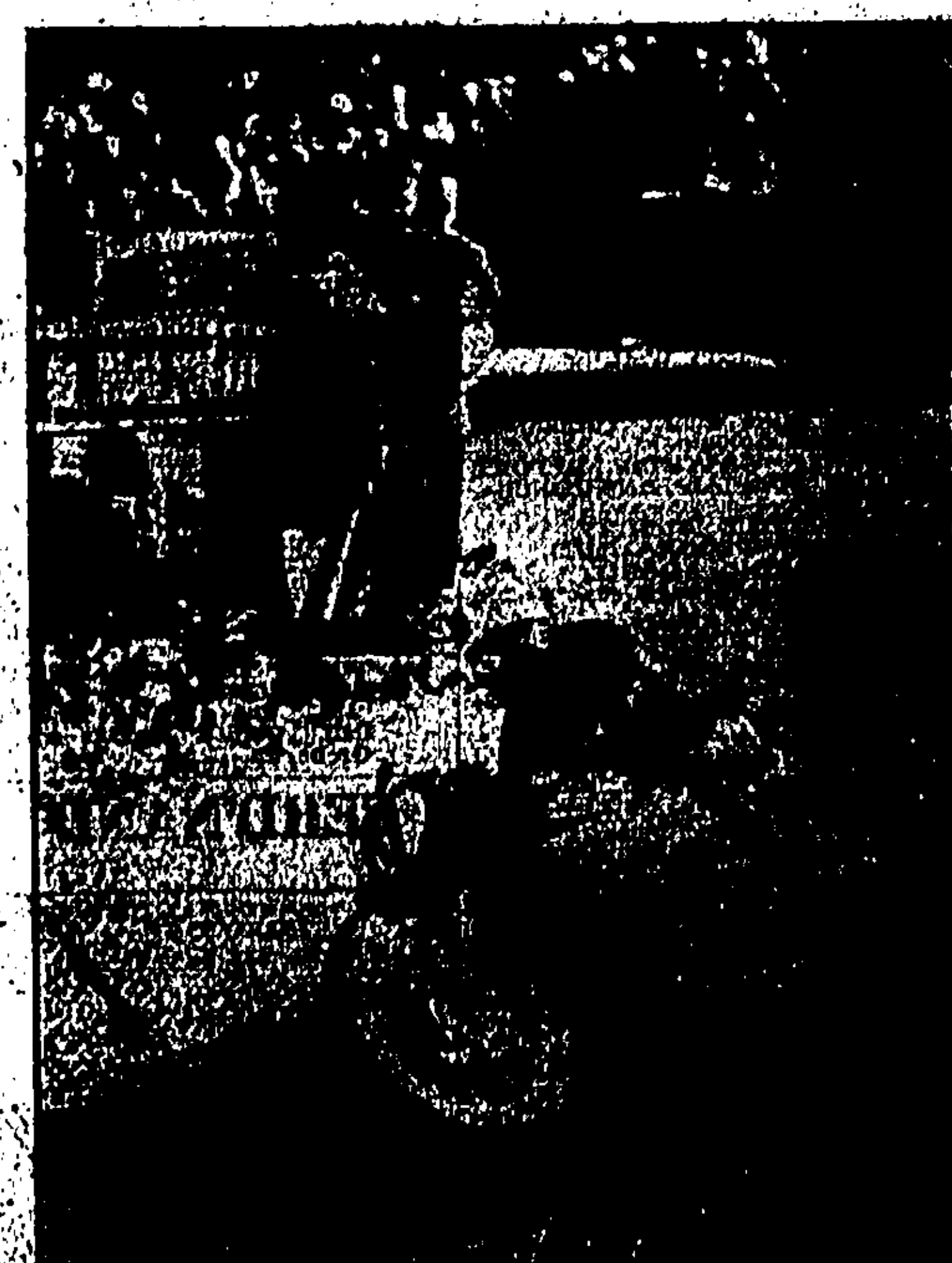
Momentary Fame For McConigle

John McConigle, 29-year-old professional from County Cligo, knew momentary fame last week. With a score of 65 he established a new course record at Hillsdale, where one of the two qualifying rounds of the Open Championship was played.

But alas for his hopes of winning the title. Two successive rounds of 81 in the Championship proper were not good enough to keep him among the 50 qualifiers for the final 30 holes.

—(London Express Service)

GEOFF DUKE WINS



Dr. Duke, 29-year-old professional from County Cligo, knew momentary fame last week. With a score of 65 he established a new course record at Hillsdale, where one of the two qualifying rounds of the Open Championship was played.

English Football Team To Tour West Indies

A team of young professional and amateur footballers is to tour the West Indies in May and June next year. Their trip follows the visit to England last year of a team from Trinidad. Matches were played against League clubs Bristol and Tottenham and against a representative England amateur XI to London.

Germans Will Be A Sellout

Wembley Stadium, where the International soccer match between England and Germany, the new World Championship, is to take place on December 11, was besieged last week by thousands of ticket buyers. Hundreds of letters have also poured into the box office. But only applicants have been waiting their time. No applications have been accepted for the match against Belgium on July 11.

—(London Express Service)

HUTTON HOPES TO PLAY TODAY

Len Hutton, who has been out of cricket for nearly three weeks with neuritis, hopes to be fit to play for Yorkshire against Nottingham at Trent Bridge today.

This match takes place five days before the third Test against Pakistan at Manchester. Hutton captained England in the first Test, but had to withdraw from the second.

—(London Express Service)

Swiss Walker For Bank Holiday Games

F.E. Schwab, of Switzerland, the European Games 10,000 Metres Walk Champion, is to compete in London on August 2. He has accepted an invitation to take part in the Bank Holiday Games at the White City and will walk against leading British representatives over his Championship distance.

—(London Express Service)

The eyes have it!



ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

AMONG THE UMPIRES ARE SOME OF THE CHARACTERS OF ENGLISH CRICKET

Allow me to introduce one of the great characters of English cricket. He is not a player but an umpire.

Unique, I think, is the word for Alec Skelding.

Crowds all over England are familiar with the tall bespectacled figure, his mop of snow white hair, the military precision of his gesture when he signals a boundary and his cream cricket boots.

Yet when he was a fast bowler some twenty years back for Leicestershire he used boxing shoes to bowl in on dry days!

Players keep alert for Alec's quiet address— invariably made in a low, hoarse whisper audible from slip to long on. No day's play would be deemed to be finished without his removing the balls and saying: "And that, gentlemen, concludes the entertainment for the day."

SKELLY'S ELEGY

But that is only one side to Alec's character. He could be termed the Bard of the White Count. Many is the occasion when he reads his verse. His major work was given the somewhat pedestrian title of "Duties, Trials and Tribulations of Cricket Umpires." It begins:

"Portrayed by most cartoonists as a snower,

With red proboscis claiming him a boozier."

Denis Compton re-named it "Skelly's Elegy," but Brian

Sellers, Yorkshire captain, complained with "The Umpire's Lament." And so it has remained. Here's the final verse:—

"So now you willow wielders,

And you volley-catching Fielders,

You who stand there at the wicket

Injured Innocence—'Didn't

snick it!'

Bowlers who are apt to squeal

At a negative appeal;

Think of umpire Jack or Jim;

Think kindly please—and pity

him.

We are all apt to take umpires

for granted. But what would

happen to the game if the

umpires were corrupt? They

play an enormous part in

cricket's success and we should

never forget the fact.

REMARKABLE RECORD

I am particularly grateful to

them and particularly to Frank

Chester. When I was a young-

ster he passed on tips which I

have never forgotten.

I doubt if it is generally known that Chester still holds a remarkable record though it was made before the First World War.

He is the youngest player to have scored a century in English county cricket. Before he lost his right arm in 1917 he was one of the most promising all-rounders in England.

On his return from the war he took up umpiring on the advice of Sir Pelham Warner and looked so young when he reported for his first match that the gentleman refused him admission. "Umpires in those days," says Frank "were invariably oldish men who sported watch chains and heavy moustaches. I was only in my early twenties."

THE KING

Chester became the king of umpires, acknowledged the world over. He has three rules:—

1. Work as a two-man team and not as two separate umpires.

2. Use common-sense as well as the laws.

3. Don't worry if you make a mistake. While you are worrying you might make another!

It is not often players can have a laugh at the umpire's expense. But when Paddy Corry stood in his first match at the Oval he joined in an appeal for a catch at the wicket! Needless to add, the batsman was given out.

Paddy had been Leicestershire's wicketkeeper and the years of habit were too much for him when he heard the snick.

And now a word of congratulation to Cliff Gladwin, Derbyshire's genial giant who recently completed his 1,000 first-class wickets with his medium to fast bowling. Cliff and I were at the crease on that unforgettable occasion at Durban in 1948 when England beat South Africa by a leg bye with the last ball of the match.

No situation, however tense, can get the best of Cliff's humour. When he passed Dudley Nourse, the Springbok skipper, on the way to the wicket, Dudley asked "What have you got to smile about?" And Cliff made the classic reply: "Cometh the hour, cometh the man."

Through those last desperate minutes Cliff kept addressing me as "My little champion."

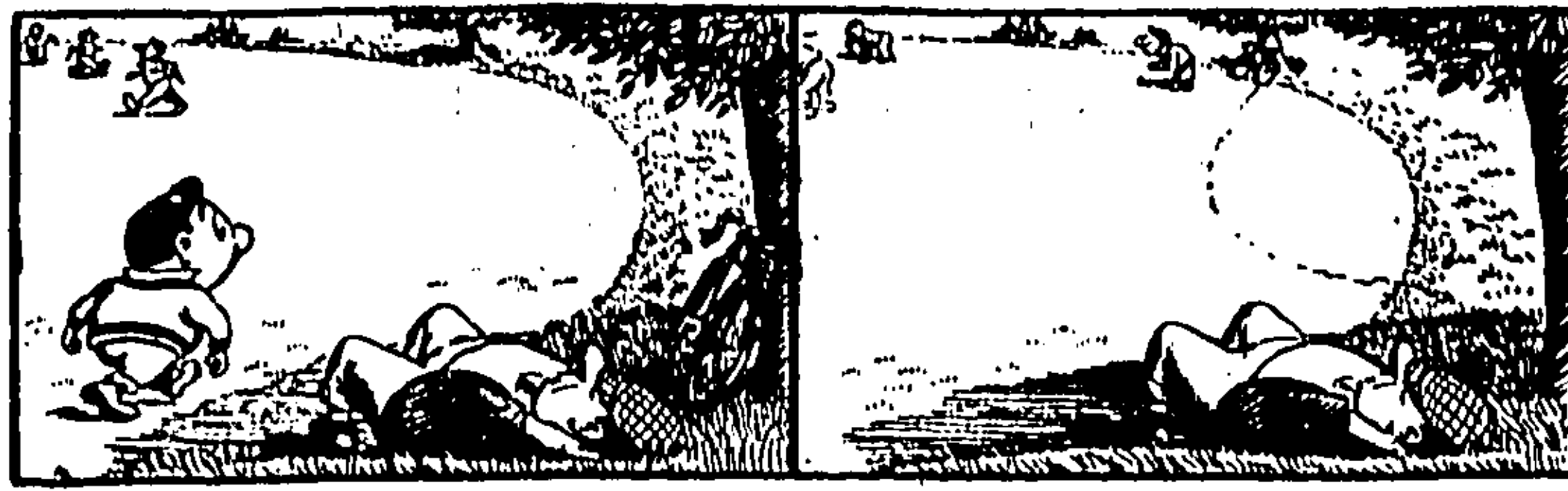
REALLY AMAZING

Because of an accident in practice Stuart Surridge has been out of the Surrey team. Meanwhile Peter May is deputising as captain and if he can only maintain his present form in Australia next winter he will score a sackful of runs. His power off the back foot is really amazing.

Another promising youngster to tell you about is Michael Barnard of Hampshire. He is 21 and a fine soccer player for Portsmouth, too. Perhaps he is another double international—like Willie Watson—of the future.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Give Wales A Chance To Stage A Test

Says DENIS COMPTON

Much as I enjoy playing at Nottingham, Leeds, Manchester, Lord's and the Oval, I always feel sorry that the regular Test grounds are so far away from the cricket-loving folk of the West Country.

People living in Worcestershire, Somerset, and Glamorgan—all with first-class county sides—cannot watch Test cricket anywhere nearer than London or Nottingham.

I am certain that they would give enormous support if any Test could be fixed nearer their homes.

Insufficient accommodation rules out many of the smaller grounds, but what about Swanswick?

Will Wooler, the Glamorgan captain, tells me that the Swanswick ground can hold up to 50,000 and that, with little difficulty, it could be enlarged to take another 10,000.

At the moment the pitch might not be considered ideal for Test cricket, but if the Glamorgan authorities were given the slightest hope for thinking they might be offered a Test, they would move mightily to make both the ground and the pitch worthy of the honour.

Tour arrangements are made so far ahead that I could not see any hopes for Wales having a Test against South Africa, Australia or the West Indies, our next three visitors, but New Zealand are here in 1958 and India the following year.

If Glamorgan were promised a Test as an experiment against either of these countries, their reaction would be so enthusiastic that they might enter real competition for further and regular Tests.

NO LONGER STRANGERS

The first time Godfrey Evans had ever seen Bob Appleyard bowl was when Bob ran up to deliver his first ball at Nottingham.

I doubt if Test cricket has many instances of a wicket-keeper and bowler being such strangers.

In fact, it was not until the Test that Godfrey and Bob were introduced to each other.

Not that Godfrey takes long to weigh up the peculiarities of any bowler. He has kept to so many that I cannot think of any bowling trick or mannerism that would surprise him.

Bob Appleyard's recovery from the chest illness which at one time threatened to finish his cricket career after his tremendous first full season of 1951, when he took 200 wickets, stands out as one of the most inspiring examples of courage and determination in adversity.

Many experts, including the Yorkshire coach, Bill Bowes, believe he is a better bowler now than three years ago.

Bill's comment to me recently was—"Of all English cricketers, next to Hedley Verity, Bob is the finest 'pure' bowler I have ever seen."

"He uses his head all the time, on a pitch that helps him he will run through most sides, and, even when the pitch is not helping, he won't often be collared. He's too clever for that."

Having played against Bob recently I can testify to his re-

markable accuracy of length and direction.

ON THE AWKWARD SPOT

He always seems to be right on that most awkward spot, not short enough to hook or cut, not far enough up to drive, but compelling the half-cock stroke.

He reminds me very much of Verity, who literally wore a "patch" on the pitch by repeatedly dropping on the same spot.

In one match C.S. ("Stewie") Dempster of New Zealand was so impressed by Verity's accuracy that, at the end of his side's innings, he took a plate out and covered three different spots on the pitch which Hedley

had worn away with the three different length balls he used.

Bob Appleyard is unusual in that he bowls everything a right-hander can, except the leg-break. When the shine is on the ball, he mixes outswinger and inswinger.

Afterwards he bowls off-breaks and leg-cutters. In addition his change of pace is most perplexing to the batsman.

Possibly Bob does not bowl the leg-cutter as well as, say, Alec Bedser, or the off-break as well as Jim Laker, but, taken all round, he is a class bowler, the type who would serve a very useful purpose in Australia.

(London Express Service)

SPORTS SURVEY

By "ALL-ROUNDER"

STILL GOING STRONG.

George Wilson, the Vale of Clyde centre half, has been in top class football for twenty years, and has again re-signed for that club. He was "capped" as a centre forward against Wales and England in 1935-36 season, and got a "hat trick" against England. He was previously with Clyde and Third Lanark.

WORLD'S FASTEST BOWLER.

The claim is made that 23-year-old Michael Thompson, of Stourbridge, is the "fastest bowler in the world," a big claim. Former English Test Match player Dick Heworth watched him take six wickets for no runs—all clean bowled—against Himsley and said: "He is certainly very quick through the air."

Another bowler in the Birmingham district to achieve distinction was Fred Coombs, who took seven wickets without a run being scored off him in the local Boys' Brigade League.

NEWLY RECOVERED. John Langridge has been opening batsman for Sussex for over 20 years now, but he has never "bagged a pair of ducks" yet in a county match. He is the only No. 1 first-class batsman in the country with such a record.

FUPIL NOW STAR. When Bryan Bayley was a master at a "prep" school at Bognor Regis before the War he had a nine-year old pupil of promise although he went in last in the batting and bowled slow left arm.

Mr Bayley is now Secretary of Worcestershire and he recently saw his ex-pupil score a century against his county. It was also Mr Bayley who conveyed the news to the player—one David Sheppard—that he had been selected as captain of England against Pakistan.

AN UNUSUAL "HAT TRICK". Oxford University's



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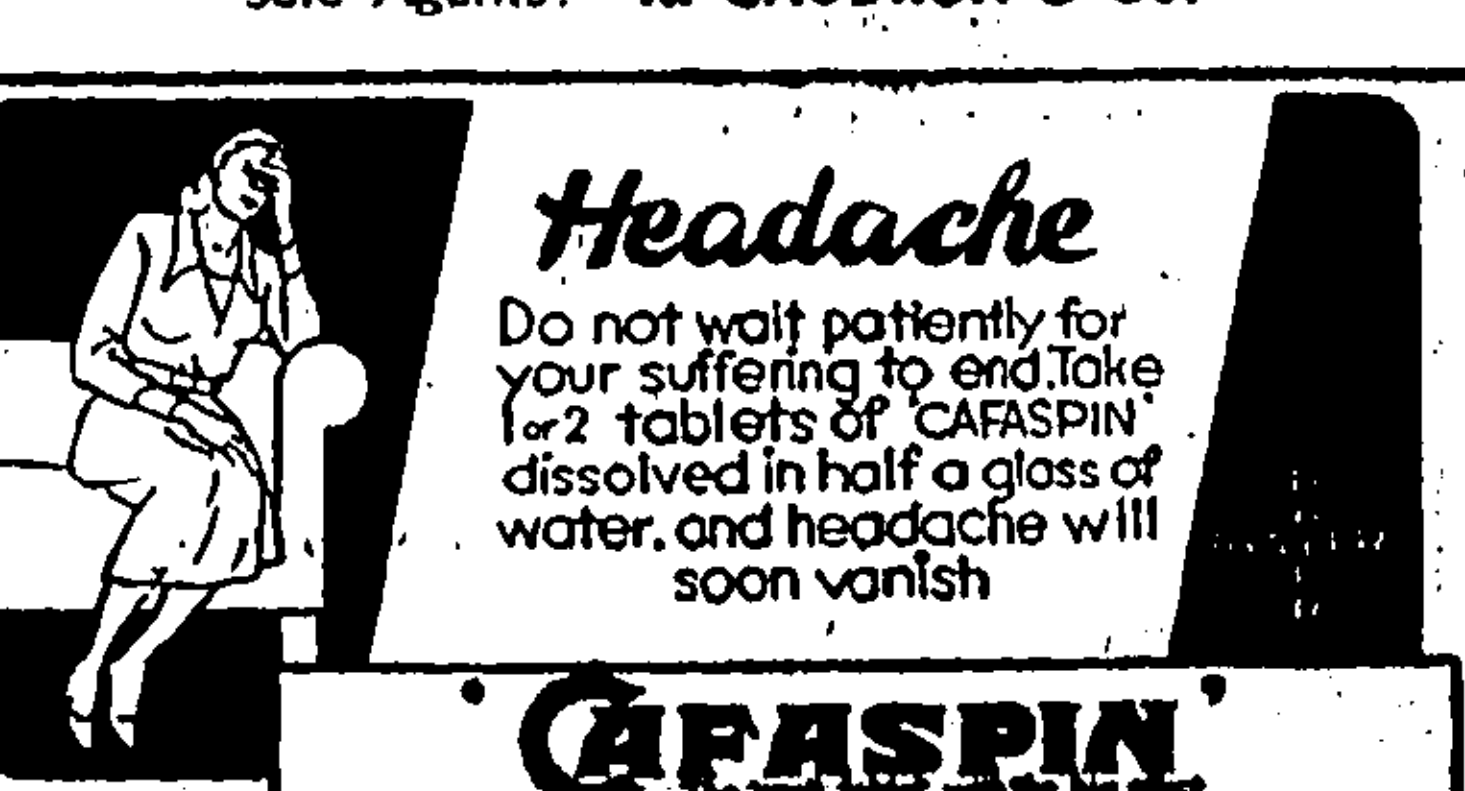
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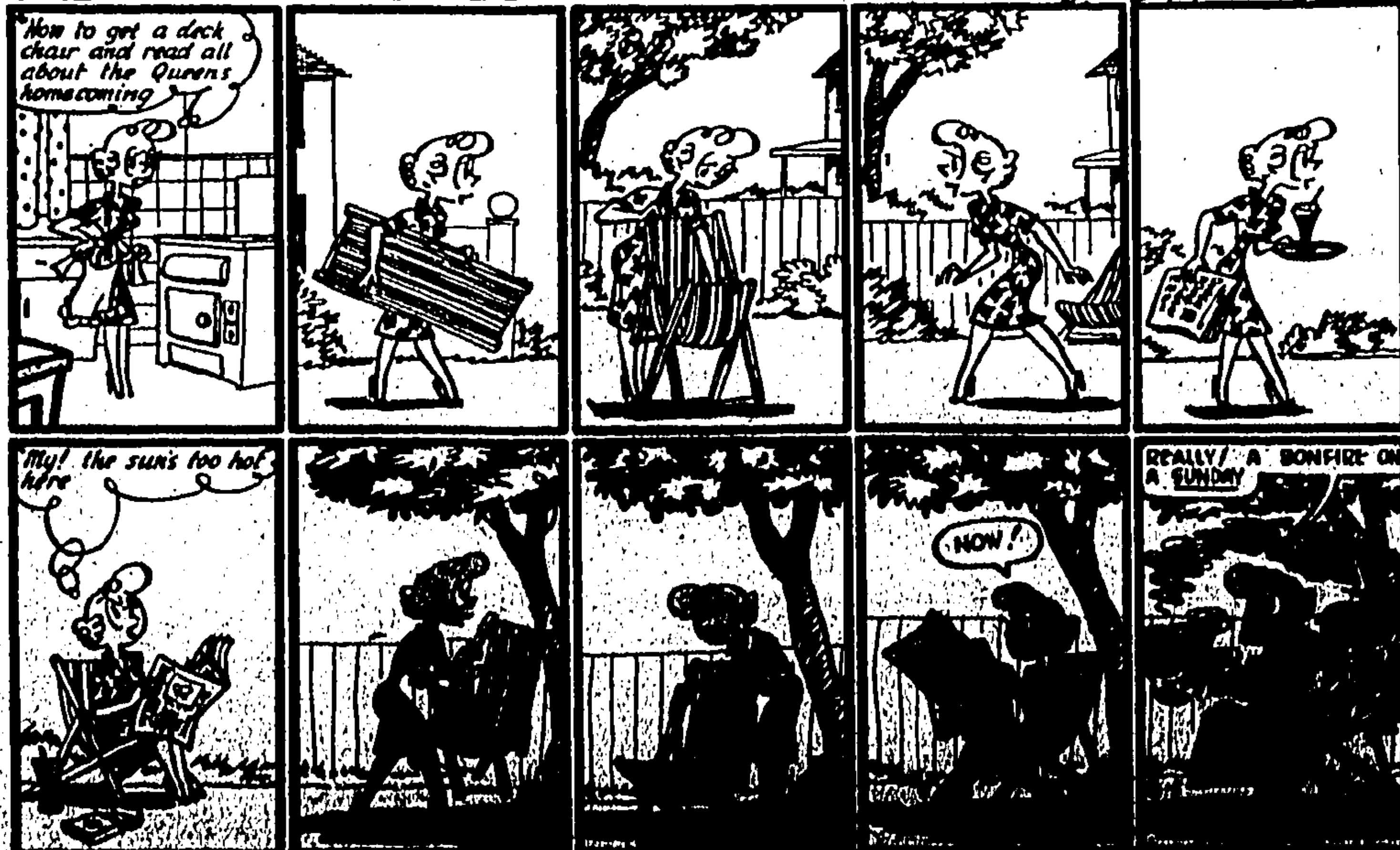
ALL SIZES



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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

IMPROVE SOAP CARVINGS BY USING THESE HINTS

WE do not know who the first boy or girl was who got the bright idea of sculpturing in soap. All I can do is give my thanks to Marvin. He was a student in my History Class and we were studying Ancient Egypt. Marvin made a Pyramid, a Pharaoh, a king's throne, a small boat, a chair, and the head of a mummy.

Every boy and girl has the fundamental urge and desire to express himself or herself through creative activity. And one very evident advantage of using soap to sculpture is that it is very cheap. If you are thrifty you might add that when you are tired looking at your own creation, you can wash yourself with it!

Simple tools

The tools you need are very simple. A knife, orange stick, pencil, paper, and a carbon sheet.

You start with a large cake of white soap. Smooth one side of it by scraping. Then allow the soap to dry for about an hour before tracing your drawing on it. Beginners will probably need to make a drawing first. Marvin didn't use drawings but when he showed the class how to make



things from soap, we found it best to use drawings as a guide.

Decide exactly what it is you wish to sculpture and make a drawing out of it. Do something simple at first. It can be a man, a fish, or an animal. Draw exactly to size on a sheet of paper. Make all the corrections you want on the sheet by erasing. Then when you are satisfied your next step is to trace this drawing onto the soap.

Place the carbon sheet with carbon side downwards, on the smoothed surface of your original drawing over this and trace with a pencil to obtain an image on the soap. In roughing out the design, care must be

taken to cut away the soap in small pieces or slices. There is a very simple explanation for this necessary precaution. Soap has a tendency to break if you cut in large chunks and hence your entire design may be spoiled.

Most of your work is done with your knife. You use the orange stick for making fine detail lines, such as hair on the head, eyes, mouth, nose, lines of hands, shoes or wrinkles.

The left-overs

Can you join two cakes of soap together? There is a simple technique whenever you need a thicker amount of soap to be used than that of one cake of soap. Scrape down the sides of the cakes of soap that are to be joined. Place smooth, scraped sides into a shallow pan of water over slow heat. Insert toothpicks where they will not interfere with the carving. After thirty minutes, press the cakes together. However carving should not be started for another day.

If you want to join your sculptured creation to a base here is what you do. Cut a trench in both model and the base. Then stick a piece of toothpick in each

with ends projecting. Next heat a piece of soap in a shallow pan of water. When the part near the heat reaches the consistency of jelly, fill the two trenches with the soap jelly. And then press the two pieces together.

When you are finished with your sculpture you may wish to polish it. Allow the model to dry out for two days. Then rub carefully with a paper napkin, being careful not to break off corners or projections. Then rub gently with the finger tips or the palm of your hand. However you may desire to skip this step and let your sculpture have a "rough" look.

You will have a lot of fun with soap sculpture and you can even form a club in your school or neighbourhood. I imagine I hear a boy asking this question: "What happens to the bits of soap that are left after you finish your sculpture?"

I think it only fair to let Marvin answer this because that is exactly the same question he was asked.

"Save the bits in a jar and then give your head a first class shampoo."

— Harold Gluck

THE MOON-SHIP OF WILLY TOAD

By MAX TRELL

"WHAT'S that you've got there, Willy?" Hand, the shadow-girl with the turned-about name, asked.

Knarf, Hand's brother, also looked puzzled as he studied the queer-looking machine that stood in the back yard of Willy Toad's house.



Willy's Ship

Willy Toad, himself, smiled. "That thing's my moon-ship," said Willy. Knarf and Hand looked more puzzled than ever. "Moon-ship?" said Hand. "What's a moon-ship?" asked Knarf.

Willy now explained about his moon-ship. "It's a machine I just built for going to the moon. It's like a rocket-ship except it's better. I made it myself."

Knarf and Hand walked slowly around Willy's moon-ship. "Why," said Hand, "it seems to be made out of pieces of old tin cans, Willy!"

"It is," said Willy. "And broken bottles!" said Knarf.

Willy nodded. "That's what makes it so remarkable," he said. "Do you know of anyone else who could build a moon-ship out of old tin cans and broken bottles?"

Neither Knarf nor Hand could think of anyone else smart enough (or perhaps strange enough) to do a thing like this. "But does it fly?" Knarf asked at last.

"Fly?" said Willy in surprise, as though he had never heard the word before. "Fly where?"

"Fly to the moon!" said Knarf. "It's a moon-ship, isn't it?" said Hand.

"It can't fly to the moon—yet," said Willy. "There's just one little thing missing. Well, I'll see you later."

Knarf and Hand grabbed Willy before he could hop off.

"What thing is missing?" Knarf demanded. "You stay here and tell us."

Very reluctantly, Willy told them what was missing. "It's the engine," he said. "As soon as I get an engine, my moon-ship will be able to fly to the moon."

"You mean," cried Hand, "that you built a moon-ship without an engine?"

"I forgot," said Willy. "But," said Willy brightly, "the best second, 'I think I know where I can get an engine right away!'"

A Moth Engine

"I think a moth would be the best of all," said Knarf. "Moths know the moon better than almost everybody else except cats and owls."

Willy felt happy again when he heard about how good a moth would be to be the engine for his moon-ship.

"I'll stay up all tonight. I'm sure I'll have an engine. I'll fly to the moon tonight."

Knarf and Hand never knew whether Willy really did fly to the moon. They did see a speck floating in front of the moon's face late that night, just before they went to bed, but they couldn't be sure it was Willy Toad's moon-ship. It might just have been a speck of dust.

Rupert and the Spring Chicken—1



"Hello, Rollo! I didn't know you had come back to these parts. I'm hoping to have a spring chicken again! What are your friends doing? Rupert goes to the city to buy a spring chicken. I'm collecting herbs for my gran's soup. She says I'm a good boy."

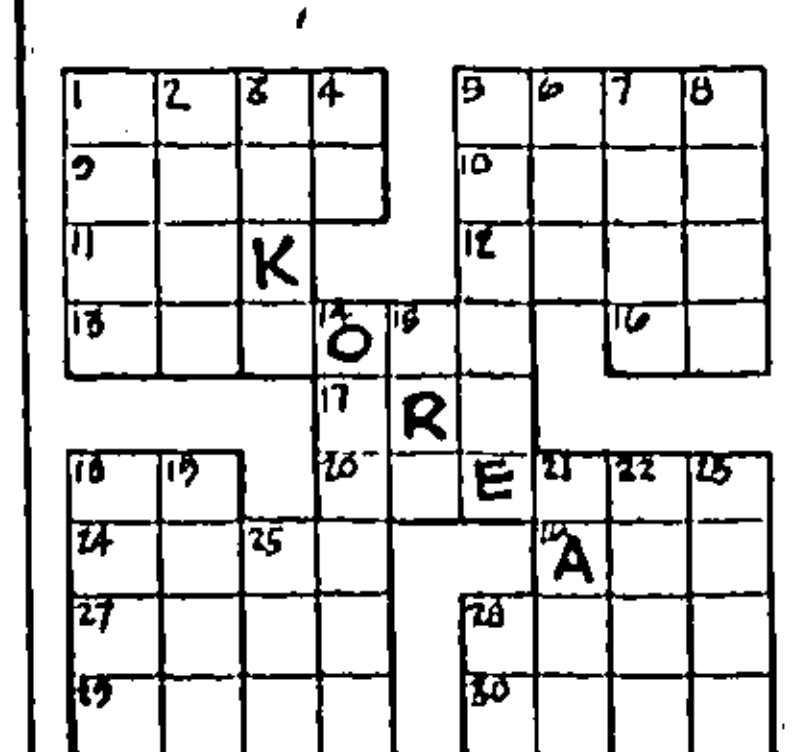


"Hello, Rollo! I didn't know you had come back to these parts. I'm hoping to have a spring chicken again! What are your friends doing? Rupert goes to the city to buy a spring chicken. I'm collecting herbs for my gran's soup. She says I'm a good boy."

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Crossword

We had Cartoonist Cal letter in the word KOREA to help you solve this crossword puzzle:



ACROSS

- Plant
- Snare
- Capital of Norway
- Withered
- Request
- Domestic slave
- Play spot
- Correlative of either
- Railroads (ab.)
- Near
- Many battle — have been enacted in Korea
- House (Fr.)
- Exist
- Ancient Irish capital
- Gnoll
- Male deer
- Hardens

DOWN

- Fly aloft
- Essential being
- Wapiti (pl.)
- Accomplish
- African fly
- Legal point
- Indian river
- Equal
- Country (Hung.)
- Royal Red Cross (ab.)
- Deeds
- Pronoun
- Nostril
- Formerly
- Observes
- Age
- East side (ab.)

Mix-ups

Rearrange the letters in each of the following strange lines until you have a fact about Korea in each line:

WORKS MULE TIL CUR
CHUM GOULD ALAS TAR
POEM LIT CAR CURB DICE

Diamond

Korea was an ancient KINGDOM, which provides a centre for this diamond. The second word is "a courtesy title"; third "a tendon"; fifth "fortification";

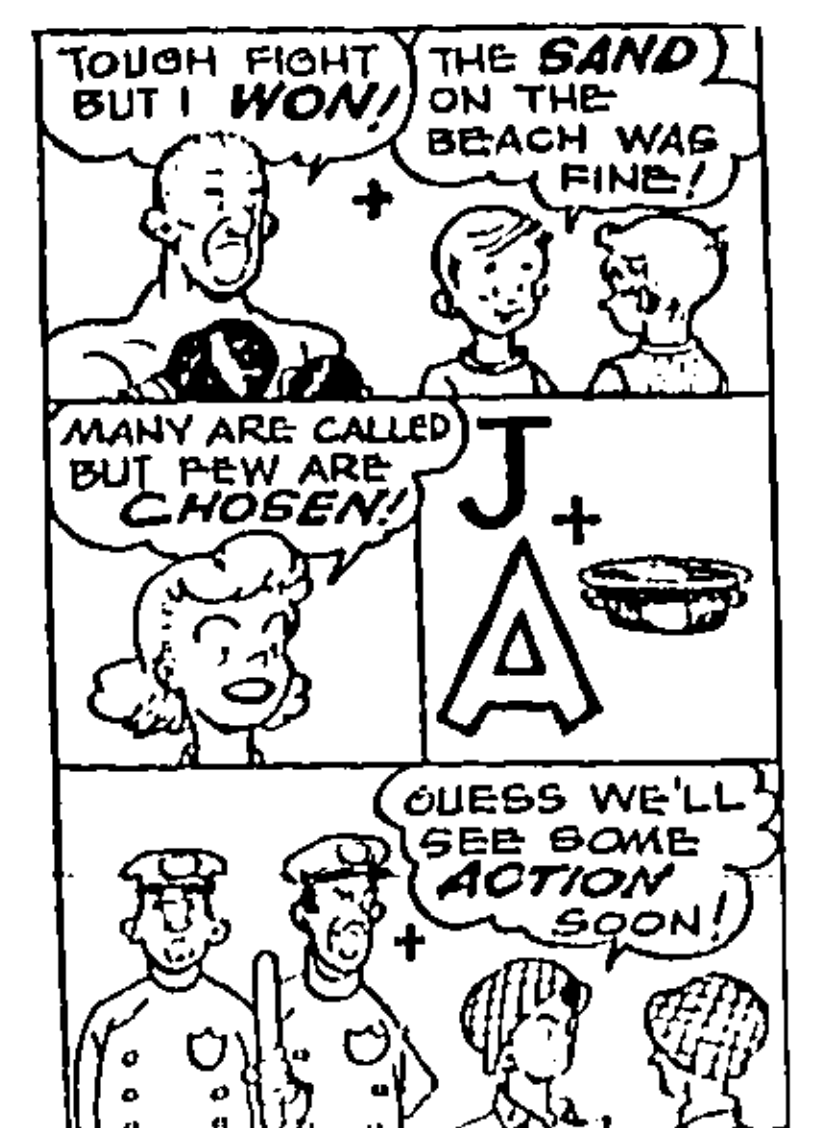
(Solutions on Page 20)

and sixth "was victorious." Finish the diamond.

K
I
N
K
I
N
G
D
O
M

Korean rebus

Just use the words and pictures right and you'll find the four facts about Korea hidden here.



Coded message

A simple code has been substituted for the correct letters in this sentence about Korea (which happens to be the fourth word.) Can you decipher the code?

Ulf dptumlof pg Lpafb jf npsf ulbo 7111 ajmft mph.

Adding OW

A number of words ending in LL have a different meaning when you add OW to them. An example of such a pair is WILL-WILLOW.

List as many of these pairs as you can think of. There are at least 12.

Riddles

- What writer would have been the best angler?
- Who killed the greatest number of chickens?
- What is the difference between a light in a cave and a dance in an inn?
- What is the difference between a land surveyor and a scarf?
- What piece of coin is double its value by deducting its half?

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